THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

On their return, O'Brien walked into the British parliament, and found that august body engaged in discussing a new bill "for the further security of her majesty's crown." Ministers, in fact, had determined to meet the difficulty by a new "law," the Treason-felony law, by which the writing and printing, or open and advised speaking, of incitements to insurrection in Ireland should be deemed "felony," punishable by transportation. The bill was introduced by the Whigs, and was warmly supported by the Tories; Sir Robert Peel declaring that, what Ireland needed, was to make her national aspirations not only a crime, but an ignominious crime; so as to put this species of offense on a footing with arson, or forgery, or waylaying with intent to murder. O'Brien rose to address the house, and never, since first parliament met in Westminster, was heard such a chorus of frantic and obscene outcries. Honorable members crowed like cocks, lowed like cows, and brayed like jackasses, according to the custom of the honorable house; but O'Brien, quite unmoved, persisted until he obtained a hearing; and I wish that my limits permitted me to present the whole of that manly and noble speech, in which he took care to reiterate all his "treasons," and "seditions." Take two or three extracts, with interruptions, as recorded in the London papers of the time:

"Charges have been brought against me as an individual, and against the party with whom I act ('oh!' and ironical cheers). I am here to answer those charges, both for myself and for the party with which I act; and I will say this with regard to my companions in the noble struggle in which we are engaged—(loud laughter)—that, though I have had an opportunity of seeing the most distinguished men of all parties in this house, I never met a number of men, acting for a great political object, who appeared to me, at least, to be animated by such pure and disinterested motives—(loud laughter)—as those with whom it is my pride to act. Now, sir, with regard to myself. I have been called a traitor (a tremendous burst of cheers followed this sentence, twice renewed before silence was restored). I do not profess disloyalty to the Queen of England—(ironical applause). But if it be treason to profess disloyalty to this house, and to the government of Ireland by the parliament of Great Britain—if that be treason, I avow the treason—('oh!' and great excitement). Nay, more, I say it shall be the study of my life to overthrow the dominion of this parliament over Ireland—(hear, hear, and cries of 'oh!') . . . It has been stated I went to France for the purpose of enlisting French aid—(hear, hear)—that is to say, armed aid and succor for my countrymen in the struggle in which they are engaged. This is a misapprehension—(oh! oh! oh!) If I had gone to France asking for aid of an armed kind, believe me I should have come back accompanied by a tolerably large legion of troops—(some laughter, and oh! oh!) You may believe what I say. I only wish you had been in France—(a laugh). The language I have held in Ireland and in France to my countrymen has been this—that Irish freedom must be won by Irish courage and Irish firmness. I had no desire to impose upon my country one description of servitude in the place of another—(hear, hear)—for I believe that the liberty of Ireland, and its redemption from its present position, were they won by foreign bayonets, could only be retained by foreign bayonets; and it is not my desire or intention to place my country under foreign dominion. . . . I trust that the Repealers of Ireland will accept that aid which the Chartists are universally prepared to give them. Now, I avow the fact,—I know not whether it be illegal or not,—that I have been instrumental in asking my countrymen to arm (marks of surprise and sensation). I conceive that under the present circumstances of all nations, it is the duty of every man to obtain the possession and learn the use of arms. There is not a nation, I believe, in Europe which does not make it part of its duty to instruct its citizens in the use of arms; and I conceive that it is the peculiar duty of the Irish people to obtain the possession of arms at a time when you tell them you are prepared to crush their expression of opinion, not by argument, but by brute force (loud cries of oh! oh! and expressions of disapprobation)."

The bill was passed into "Law," of course, by immense majorities; and thereafter an Irish Repealer of the Union was to be a "felon." O'Brien returned to Dublin. The deputies were received by a multitudinous and enthusiastic meeting in the Dublin music hall; and Meagher presented to the citizens of Dublin, with glowing words, a magnificent flag, the Irish Tricolor, of Green, White, and Orange, surmounted by a pikehead. Of all the Confederates, Meagher was the sole orator, in the highest sense of that term; and those who have only heard him, in America, where his addresses were but rhetorical exercitations, and where the central fire of a great passion was wanting to lift him into a sublime self-abandonment, can ill conceive the effect of his speeches there, poured forth, bright and burning, upon ten thousand hearts whose fuel was so prompt to kindle.

Events hurried on; every day bringing in more and more deplorable accounts of wide spread starvation and extermination of tenantry; and Dublin, as well as all the other sea-ports, saw pale and haggard crowds of emigrants trooping to the quays, to take shipping for America. Be generous to these ill-fated refugees! Oh, ye happy Americans, despise them not! Driven like noxious vermin, from their hearths and the graves of their forefathers, let the great heart of your country open to embrace them,—to warm them to vitality, and illumine their darkened souls with hope.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

FATHER LAMBERT'S SERMON.

He Deals With the Question of Christian Education at St. James Catholic Church.

The Rev. Father Lambert, S J., preached an eloquent sermon in advocacy of Christian education at St. James' church, Rev. Hugh McGuire pastor, last Sunday morning. He acknowledged that, in a secular sense, the public schools were admirable institutions, but argued that ministration to the souls of the young people was absolutely necessary for the future welfare of the republic. Materialism was a pagan state of being, and all nations who forgot God and religion had perished in their blindness. The dollar was not everything in this life. There should be a higher aim and a nobler ideal. The statue of Apollo was superb—the statue of Venus was beautiful, but soul was wanting, and Christians turned for that soul to the works of the great Christian painters who had pictured the Crucifiction and the Madonna. He advocated the support of the parochial schools, and paid a high tribute to that of St. James' parish, saying that it was better to pay a double tax for education than that the spiritual welfare of the children should suffer. America, he said, recognized the equality of all creeds, and this was proper. The republic could not be required to favor one above the other because that would produce ill feeling, but, in the midst of all temporal blessings, God should not be forgotten or ignored. He proclaimed, with great earnestness, the loyalty of Catholics to the republic, and said that, if necessary, they would be ready and willing to fight and bleed for its welfare. Father Lambert is a splendid pulpit orator. His voice is flexible and his gestures perfect. In fact, his delivery adds greatly to the effect of his language, which is cast on a high ideal. Chicago, Protestant and Catholic, should hear from him often.

A CHARITABLE BANQUET.

A large number of prominent Chicago Catholics gathered at a simple banquet spread in Kinsley's last Wednesday evening. It was the second annual banquet of the Chicago Visitation and Aid Society, which looks after inmates of the county poor house, bridewell, hospital and other institutions of reform or charity. Speeches were made by Mr. T. D. Hurley, the retiring president; Charles A. Mair, the newly elected president; E. O. Brown, W. J. Bulger, Bro. Adjutor, F. Lawler and Michael Cudahy. Among those present were Messers. Bro. Adjutor, T. Ball, D. F. Bremner, J. Cudahy, P. Cavanaugh, J. Donnersberger, S Edgeston, T. D. Hurley, J. S. Hyland, T. Brennan, T. Breen, P. K. Bowen, M. Cudahy, T. Conley, F. A. Devlin, E. O. Brown, J. F. Barrett, D. F. Bremner, Jr., W. R. Condon, J. Conlon, Jr., T. F. Deveney, P. M. Flannagan, R. M. Hooley, P. Kiolbassa, J. H. Burke, J. P. Byrne, M. J. Bransfield, A. Cumming, E. Callaghan, W. Heeing, I. J. Bergeron, J. J. Burns, A. Bateson, W. F. Connelly, D. J. Crimmins, O. E. Desmond, P. F. Gillespie, J. A. Hynes, F. Lawler, D. Bergeron, R. Bremner, J. Barnett, M. Cumming, A. Druiding, M. D. Hardin, J. Hughes, J. W. Lyons, J. E. McGavick, L. E. Nolan, M. O'Brien, R. M. Prendergast, M. Roden, F. J. Schaub, M. S. P. Thomas, F. W. Young, W. McCoy, W. H. O'Brien, C. A. Paltzer, J. F. Stanton, F. Sherlock, G. W. Young, M. W. Kerwin, C. A. Mair, A. W. McDougald, J. Smith, John O'Malley, J. E O'Keefe, T. A Quirlan, J. C. Schubert, J. B Walsh, D M. McKindley, W. D. Munhall, J. E O'Meara, E. C Quinlan, John Shea, J. W. Walsh, T. J. Lawler, H. F. Mann, Ald. McGillen, C. O'Donnell, Harry Powers, D J. Riordan, M. Sullivan, L. G. W Smith, M. W. Murphy, J. A. Wolford, J. F. Nolan, J. F. Ryan, D. O'Connell, J. Ryan, W. L. Schaub, H. Wrightson.

The Visitation and Aid Society assisted 1,315 children last year. Charles A. Mair, the Board of Trade man, is president; A. J. Cronin, Lawyer M. E. Ames and Mary C. Feron, vice presidents; P. F. Gillespie, treasurer; Rose A. McCabe, recording secretary, and Thomas Breen, financial secretary.

With but little care and no trouble, the beard and mustache can be bept a uniform brown or black color by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Maurice F. Wilhere Married.

"At the Church of the Assumption, Twelfth and Spring Garden streets, yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock, a small party witnessed the ceremony that made Miss Nellie O'Gorman the wife of Magistrate Maurice F. Wilhere. Rev. Father J. A. Brennan, pastor of the church, officiated. James A. Leahy was best man and the bridesmaid was Miss Josephine S. Wall. The ceremeny was strictly private, only a few of the bride's relatives being present, and it was not until late in the day that the numerous friends of Magistrate Wilhere learned that he had taken unto himself a wife. The bride, a stately blonde of striking beauty, is the daughter of Edward O'Gorman, a widely known political leader of the Quaker city, and has long been acknowledged the belle of Assumption parish. After the marriage ceremony a splendid wedding breakfast was served at the residence of the bride's father, those present besides the bridal party being Thomas E. O'Gorman, brother of the bride, James A. Gallagher, Mrs. J. Mitchell and the Misses Michael. At the conclusion of the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Wilhere started for a ten days' trip to Washington and Old Point Comfort. On their return they will go to housekeeping in the handsome Allison mansion at Wissahickon."—*Philadelphia Times, Dec 7*

We wish the happy couple joy. We also wish joy, health, wealth and prosperity to our old friend, Edward O'Gorman, of Dundrum.—*Rossa's United Irishman.*

We say "Amen" to the foregoing.

BOOK REVIEW.

"Siamsa an Gheimhridh," le Domhnaill O'Fotharta; or 'Cois Teallaigh in Iar Connacht," by Daniel O'Foharty. Sold by Patrick O'Brien, No. 46 Cuffe street, Dublin.

This book is a collection of folk-lore, poems and stories in Gaelic collected by Daniel O'Foharty. The stories and general contents of the book were gathered in West Connacht, principally in Connemara; but the Munster reader need not be afraid that he will find any difficulty in understanding the language in which they are written for it is correct, classic Irish, just the same language that would be and is used by Munster Gaelic writers. Whenever a word which is not to be found in the general language is introduced, it is always explained either in English or in classic Irish. Taking it altogether, "Siamsa an Gheimhridh" is one of the most interesting of the many Gaelic folklore books that have been recently published in Irish and in Scotch Gaelic. There may not be any one story in it as interesting or as well told as "Goillts na g-cos dubh" by Dr. Hyde,—a story that is now being printed in THE CITIZEN; but the book under notice contains a mass of rhymes and riddles that are not in Dr. Hyde's book, and that cannot be found anywhere else. Mr. O'Foharty, its author, or rather its compiler, seems particularly adapted to get up such a book. His first language was Irish; but he is an excellent English scholar also, as is evident from even the very small amount of English in the book.

"Siamsa an Gheimhridh" contains 144 pages of print. It is printed throughout in the Irish letter. This will make the book dear in the eyes of many; but antique and unique as a book may appear when printed in the Irish character, no one who is really earnest in his desire to see a real revival of Gaelic, can say that the old letters do not deter many from studying it. Books printed in the Irish character cost almost twice as much to print as in the Roman, and nothing whatever is gained by the extra cost. However, if the majority of those who take an interest in Gaelic desire that Irish books shall be printed in the old letter, publishers must only please them, and readers will have to pay more money for Irish books. This book is, however, remarkably cheap—only one shilling and six pence, or about 40 cents counting postage.

Apropos of the title of this book, *Siamsa* is not given in O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, but *Siansa* is, and means melody, delight, or pleasure. *Siamsa* and *Siansa* are evidently the same word. The title of the book means "Pleasure of Winter," for during its long nights the songs and stories of this interesting volume used to be sung and related in many an humble home whose walls have long ago been leveled. "Siamsa an Gheimhridh" is a most interesting book, and it is to be ardently hoped that the Irish people will patronize it willingly, for such a book deserves the best support they can give it.

People who have tried it, say that there is no better medicine for dyspepsia than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It may not give one the stomach of an ostrich, but it so strengthens the alimentary organs that digestion of ordinary food becomes easy and natural.

WHAT WILL I BUY FOR CHRISTMAS?

Hints for Guidance in Making Your Holiday Presents.

If you are a father or a mother who wishes to make your child happy in this season of good cheer and general gladness, do not fritter away your money on knick knacks which are broken or discarded in a week, but bring into your home something like the REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, this greatest of works, this mine of knowledge, which will be an inspiration in your home now and a practical help hereafter.

If you are a son or a daugater there is nothing that would give your parents greater satisfaction and you all greater benefit than this storehouse of knowledge, where the brightest men who ever lived have laid their mental treasures.

If you are to give a present outside of your own household you will, in making such a present, prove not only your own good judgment and good feeling, but you will confer a personal compliment on your friend, for unless he has brains and ambition you would not have thought of such a gift.

Isn't it worth thinking about? Would not you like to make such a present? Then don't put the desire aside with the hasty reflection, "I can't afford it," but send a dollar to THE CITIZEN and the full set of books, 20 volumes, bound in heavy manilla paper covers, will be sent to you at once. You will never have such an opportunity as this again to make a present to a friend at such a nominal cost and yet secure so much value in return. Of the remaining $9 you have three months in which to pay for it. A Christmas present for an initial payment of $1 Think of it!

Robert Emmet Guards.

Saturday evening, Dec. 10, Company B, Robert Emmet Guards, gave their first reception and ball, at Curran Hall. The attendance was not quite so large as expected, but nevertheless all who were there spent a very pleasant night. The members of the company left nothing undone towards making everything pleasant and attractive for their friends, and have received many compliments for their management of the affair. Capt. O'Neill Jones and Company B of the Clan-na-Gael Guards responded to the invitation extended them, and were there almost to a man in their attractive uniforms. Soon after the holidays the company will probably entertain their friends again, on which occasion the ball will be preceded by an entertainment

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

There are many people in this city who do not realize that Chicago possesses the most extensive piano and organ factories in the world—those of the W. W. Kimball Company. Their factories and warerooms include over eleven acres of floor space. This company has exceptionally great facilities for the manufacture of the better grade of instruments. This is largely due to the economic advantages of geographic position, the location of Chicago being central alike to all the manufacturing resources, and to the great main territory of commerce, enabling them to economize both in production and distribution, and partly to save the enormous two-fold item of freights on raw material East and on the manufactured instruments West.

The Kimball pianos and organs, the product of this factory, have found their way into the homes of thousands of people in every State of the Union and are exported in large numbers to almost every civilized country on the face of the earth. The "Kimball" is a great favorite in this city, and has gained a reputation for excellence which places it on an equal footing with the old world renowned pianos that have been in existence for nearly a half century. Among the great artists who have tested the qualities of this piano, and who have given their unreserved verdict commending its great worth and merit are: Mmes. Patti, Lehman, Minnie Hauk, Albani, Nordica, Farsch Madi, Fabri and Signor Tomagno, Max Alvary, Del Puente, Emil Fischer, Perroti, Revelli, Arditi, De Novellis, Emil Liebling, Charles Kunkel and P. S. Gilmore. Adelina Patti has a "Kimball" in her castle at Craig y'Nos, Wales, which she prizes highly, and has often told her friends she would not be without if she were not able to replace it with another. P. S Gilmore's letter, written three days before his death, and received by the W. W. Kimball Company at their Wabash avenue warerooms, will be of special interest now and shows in what high estimation he held this instrument:

LINDELL HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, TUESDAY, SEPT 28 1892 *Gentlemen:* Inclosed please find my check for piano sent on my order to my sister, at Plattsburg, Neb. As I have not thanked you by letter for the piano for my family use, I take this opportunity to do so, and to state that your beautiful upright piano is a gem in every way—charming to the eye, exquisite to the ear, easy of action, and with a rare musical, singing tone, which only master instruments possess. It has been given the place of honor in our home and has already won many enthusiastic praises. I believe you to be in the very front ranks of piano manufacturers and well worthy of the golden laurels that are being showered upon you. Cordially yours,

P. S. GILMORE.

AT THE FRONT.

The New England Magazine.

The fine literary illustrated magazine of Boston.

Able critics say it is one of the most interesting magazines published in America.

A great favorite with New Englanders, and they are everywhere.

Local only in name. It is the people's favorite. To see this magazine is to want it. Its circulation has doubled the past year.

It is unique, containing American Legends, Traditions, History, Story and Poetry. A conspicuous feature of the magazine, the treatment of the Great American Cities, will be continued.

Some of the attractions for 1893: "Harvard College Fifty Years Ago" and "New England Towns Forty Years Ago," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale; "Vassar College," "Society Life in Amherst College," "Manual Training in America," "Rhode Island in the Revolution," "Brother Jonathan and His Home," "Whaling and Fisheries of the United States." Each number contains several interesting stories and poems.

Price $3 a year; 25 cents a copy. Sample copies sent to any address free. Agents wanted. Address "New England Magazine," Boston, Mass.

History of Music in Chicago.

"The story of music in Chicago begins with the strains of the fiddle of Mark Beaubien, which furnished rare delight to his guests and the Indians in 1826 at his tavern, 'The Sauganash,'" writes George P. Upton, the musical critic of the Chicago *Tribune*, in the December *New England Magazine* "It was the first frame building in the city, standing then on the site where thirty-four years afterwards Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. The chapter which I am writing closes amid the preparations for the jubilant music of the colossal Columbian Exposition, and for the exhibition of the progress of the world in the divine art during four centuries. Measured by years, the real history of music in Chicago is brief, though the accomplishment has been great and significant. Forty years will easily span it. For while Mark Beaubien brought the first violin to the city in 1826, and his brother Jean Baptiste, the first piano in 1834, and there was a little band of singers known as the Harmonic Society, which made bold to give a concert in 1835, it was many years after this before music obtained a real foothold in the young city. A few dates will show how brief is the record and how great the strides that have been made. The first operatic representation was given in 1850, and the first oratorio in 1856. The first orchestra was organized in 1850, and the first Italian opera troupe came to the city in 1859 Chicago heard its first English opera in 1857, and its first German opera in 1865, in which year was built its first opera house. At all these 'first nights' the writer of this narrative assisted, and his leaf is not yet so sere and yellow that he does not expect many years more of the music at whose christening he was an enthusiastic spectator. It is almost summed up in the records of three structures, the Crosby Opera House, the Central Music Hall and the Auditorium. They include substantially its past, present and future."

OBITUARY.

JOHN J. MORONEY.

Mr. John J. Moroney, well known in connection with Irish matters, died of cerebro-spinal meningitis at his home in New York city on Saturday of last week. He was unjustly accused of complicity in the Cronin case three years ago, and his health had never been the same afterward. He deeply felt the injustice of the accusation, and all who knew him intimately were firm in the belief that he was too true and brave an Irishman to lend himself to any such dastardly deed. The New York *Irish American Independent*, speaking of Mr. Moroney's death, says:

"The dull earth of Calvary never sounded its melancholy dirge over a truer heart than on last Tuesday, when it rattled on the casket which bore the earthly remains of John J. Moroney. A true lover of Ireland, a consistent hater of England, an unswerving friend, a manly enemy, a noble son, a good husband, an affectionate father, having all the attributes of a manly man, he has been smitten in his prime by the merciless hand of death. Born and raised in the capital of his country's enemy he was early made to feel the penalties imposed by Englishmen on the children of Irish parents. The noble traditions of his country were breathed into his childhood's ear in the old expressive language of the Gael, which traditions during all his life he cherished, and was always ready to maintain, be the odds against him ever so great. He had an abiding faith in the ultimate freedom of Ireland and believed that physical force was the only means by which to accomplish that end. When called upon to perform dangerous and daring services for his country, though having a family which he loved with all the fervor of his strong nature, and an aged mother whose life depended on his loving care, he did not hesitate, but went forward and performed his duty so well that he came back to fill a grave in Calvary when a less competent man would have had his name enshrined among the martyrs. His ready wit and nervy dash outwitted England's best detectives. Believing in the religion which his mother taught him, he died fortified by its sacraments administered by his friend and confessor, the Rev. Father Carry. May the God of Liberty receive his soul.

His funeral took place on Tuesday and was largely attended by the Irish Nationalists, I. R. B Veterans, members of the Irish Volunteers and Catholic Benevolent Legion of New York and vicinity. Among the many who followed his bier we noticed William Lyman, Thomas J. Denehy, E. P. St Clair, Rocky Mountain O'Brien, John Scott Meloney, Cornelius Reilly, John D. O'Brien, O'Connor McLaughlin, P. J. Cody, Patrick J Hughes, John O'Connor, P. J. Coleman, Prof. P. E. Tarpy, O'Donovan Rossa, Capt. O'Shea, John Condon, Jos. P. Keeley, T. Wheeler, P. Gliesensen, Mr. Murphy (coal merchant), Mr. Murphy (Gaelic school), John Howard, J. Costello, W. H. Carew, Maj. Rudolph Fitzpatrick, Fireman Hanberry, Michael D Rohan, Wm. Gully, T. Sheils, Daniel G McGowan, John Gilroy, Martin Walsh, Thomas J. Barter, John Kearney, Peter Ryan, Edward J. Rowe and a delegation from the Brooklyn C. B. L."

FOREIGN POSTAGE RATES.

To Most of the Countries of the Civilized World.

The rates of postage (except to Canada and Mexico) are as follows:

Letters, per 15 grammes (½ ounce).	5 cts
Postal cards, each	2 "
Newspapers and other printed matter per 2 ounces	1 "
Commercial papers—	
Packets not in excess 10 ounces..	5 "
Packets in excess of 10 ounces, for each 2 ounces or fraction thereof..	1 "
Registration fee on letters or other articles	10 "

That the working class, and particularly those of foreign birth, are not aware of the the fact that merchandise cannot be sent through the mails unless prepaid at five cents per half ounce, or fraction thereof, to countries outside of Canada and Mexico, is particularly noticeable.

Pairs of articles, two or more articles of exact counterpart, handkerchiefss, scarfs, needlework, articles of wearing apparel, perfectly whole and complete in themselves, whether sent in execution of an order or as GIFTS, cannot be considered in any sense as samples, and cannot be sent through the mails to foreign countries unless prepaid at 5 cents per ½ ounce or fraction.

Christmas and New Years cards and photographs with frames, or articles bearing Christmas or New Years greetings so elaborate in their design as to have an intrinsic value outside of the sentiment attached to them, such as satin pin-cushions, celluloid calendars, plaques, greetings in frames, cannot be sent through the mails to countries other than Canada and Mexico outside of the United States, unless prepaid at 5 cents per ½ ounce or fraction.

WRAPPING

The use of a poor quality of wrapping paper for sending packages through the mails should be avoided. Packages should be wrapped in strong wrapping paper and tied with strong twine. It is not necessary to have any part of the package exposed; it should be so wrapped that it can be untied and examined without breaking a seal.

ADDRESS.

The address should be written plainly and legibly upon the package with INK.

Tags and address labels should not be used, as they frequently become torn and detached from the packages.

SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS.

The sender's name and address should ALWAYS appear on every article sent through the mails, preceded by the word "from."

If the above rule were observed, few packages would go astray in the mails.

FACTS WORTH MENTIONING.

Packages of merchandise having a salable value, whether sent as presents or not, cannot be sent through the mails to foreign countries except Canada and Mexico.

Articles of any kind otherwise mailable, which contain any writing, and are not paid in full at letter rate of postage, cannot be sent through the mails to foreign countries other than Canada or Mexico.

Articles of jewelry and coins cannot be sent through the mails to foreign countries.

Sealed packages (not letters) addressed to Canada and Mexico cannot be sent through the mails.

Photographs, pictures and printed matter cannot be closed against inspection, and sent at the cheaper rate of postage to foreign countries.

Liquids cannot be sent through the mails except in cases approved by the Department.

Packages (except single volumes of books) in excess of four pounds in weight, cannot be sent in the domestic mails; there is no limit to size.

Letters, scarfs, handkerchiefs, or Christmas presents must not be concealed in newspapers going to foreign countries.

Any article of merchandise, the rate of which is 1 cent per ounce, inclosed in a package of printed matter which is 1 cent for two ounces, subjects the entire package to the higher rate of postage, namely 1 cent per ounce, and the package will not be forwarded until the higher rate is paid.

Packages of merchandise should not be placed on top of the mail boxes, as the Department is in nowise responsible for packages mailed in this manner.

It is always best to consult some authorized agent for information when in doubt as to the mailability of packages.

JAMES A. SEXTON,
Postmaster, Chicago.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Division 1, A.O.H.

The first dramatic entertainment and ball under the auspices of Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, will be given at Apollo Hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20, at 8 o'clock. The Innisfail Dramatic Club will present the charming Irish drama of "Innisfail," and there will be an enjoyable time generally.

Gunther's Matchless Candy.

If C. F. Gunther, the magical candy manufacturer, were in the midst of the Zahara, he could extract sweets from the sands of the desert. It is not wonderful, then, that he outstrips every candy producer in the civilized world. In these pleasant Christmas times, there can be found at Gunther's confectionary, No. 212 State street, a perfectly inexhaustible supply and variety of the finest candies ever made. They are put up in exquisite boxes, at $1.25 $2.10 and $3 50 per box, sent by express, prepaid, anywhere east of Denver or west of New York. No more acceptable Christmas present can be given than a box of Gunther's incomparable candy.

Martin Burke Dead.

Martin Burke, one of the men convicted in the Cronin murder case and sentenced for life, died in the Joliet penitentiary, of rapid consumption, on Friday of last week, and was interred in Mount Olivet cemetery last Sunday. He made no statement relative to his connection with the awful crime previous to his death. Burke was only 28 years of age, and came from Ireland some three years before he got into the trouble which ended in his incarceration and death. Patrick O'Sullivan, the ice man, sentenced for life in the same connection, having died several months ago, there remains in Joliet of the three men convicted only Daniel Coughlin. Imprisonment at hard labor does not seem to have told upon him as it did on his weaker companions in misfortune.

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An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVE OF THE INSURRECTION.

"On the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky;
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore!"

The dreary twilight of a dull and wet October evening was varying into the gloom of night over Dublin city. In a steady, continuous drizzle fell the rain, and the filthy streams running in the open gutters were swollen, sweeping down all kinds of vile-smelling garbage to the Liffey, and filling the air with noxious odors. Few pedestrians were in the streets beyond the occasional swaggering bullies, drunken soldiers, errant cutpurses, and others of the class that made the night of old Dublin hideous. Under the shelter of friendly archways gleamed the partisans and shone the lanterns of the night watch men, already on their posts, and from the invitingly open doors of cheerful looking taverns came the sound of convivial laughter or the refrain of a drinking song.

In an upper chamber of a small, comfortable hostelry in Oxmantown three men were seated around the fire that blazed in the antique fire-place, conversing in low, earnest tones. They were attired in the usual garb of gentlemen of the period—loose doublet and pantaloons, slashed and beribboned, large falling collars, and riding boots of Spanish leather, with heavy flaps. Their hats, broad-leaved ones, with bunches of feathers, lay along with their rapiers on the only table the apartment boasted.

"I wonder will our friend MacMahon never put in an appearance," said one of the three; "it seems he wishes us to learn the virtue of patience—and by my word I think we have need to do so, at least in sweating on him.

"Even so, Plunket," remarked another, "there was never greater need of patience than at present. And we require not only patience, but coolness, fortitude, courage, and daring, for what lies before us. Have no fear for Mac Mahon. He is one of the truest friends of the cause, and will be here anon. But continue what you were saying relative to the morrow."

Of all three the last speaker was the most remarkable. A fine, upright, well-knitted form had he—a handsome, manly countenance, denoting energy, intelligence, and resolution, rendered still more handsome by the long, clustering cavalier curls that fell over his neck and shoulders. There he sat, the polished gentleman, the earnest, upright Catholic, the fervent patriot, the shrewd plotter, the talented organizer. Hard and industriously had Rory O'Moore toiled to achieve the one great purpose of his life, and obtain for his Catholic countrymen the free and untrammelled exercise of their religion in all its ancient grandeur. The eventful hour he had labored so hard to bring about was now close at hand, and he awaited its coming with a coolness and deliberation in every way worthy of him.

There is no need to introduce the other two occupants of the chamber—Colonel Plunket and Edmund O'Tracy—to the reader.

"By the life of me, I would he were here," exclaimed Plunket, anxiously; "I think I never experienced a more wretched and gloomy evening."

"Far gloomier, I daresay, than our hopes of a brilliant morrow," said O'Moore, touching a burning log on the fire with his boot, and sending a myriad of sparks up the chimney;—"it is but natural that we should find the evening pass so tediously when the dawn of a glorious day for old Innisfail comes swiftly on. However, this night was not meant for sleep, but rather for watching and waiting, so let us spend it as well as we may. You tell me, my young friend, you left my note at my Lord Maguire's?"

"Yes, answered our hero, who was addressed, "though, not being used to the town, I got lost for some time near the place called the Pillory."

"And saw on your travels there, I presume, an exhibition of rogues in the stocks, ears and tongues bored, noses slit, or backs lacerated—all of which, perhaps, did not tend to increase your good opinions of the customs of city life. Well, when time changes these things will, very likely, be altered a little. Anyhow, I am very glad Maguire has received my letter in safety. It will show him we have made better provision for the arming of his clansmen than he thought. Those 12,000 arms so securely laid up in Dublin Castle will answer our purpose magnificently well."

"Ay," said Plunket, "and the stronghold is held only by forty halberdiers and a few pensioners, of whom our two hundred picked men will make short work to-morrow, ere the citizens of Dublin well know what is afoot. And never have I undertaken any piece of service with a better heart than I will that longed-for burst through the gateway of Dublin Castle!"

Here there was a sound of footsteps and a rattling of scabbards on the stairs, and two men entered the room—one a tall, soldierly young man, the other of more advanced age, with a sharp, cunning countenance.

"Ho!" cried the younger man, laughingly, "I thought I had no fellow-lodgers here, but it seems I was sadly mistaken;—well, I must only make the best of it."

He shook hands warmly with Plunket and O'Moore as he spoke, and then looked inquiringly at O'Tracy until Plunket said:

"Mr. Edmund O'Tracy of Litrim, a friend to the cause."

"And therefore a friend to me," said Col. Hugh Oge MacMahon, for it was he, one of the most determined patriots of all, shaking our hero's hand.

"But, shadow of the great Gusire," he continued, "am I forgetting the sacred laws of hospitality? Hallo, mine host," he shouted at the door, "wine as quick as possible, not forgetting a dash of our native Irish usquebaugh to drive the October chill out of the room."

"Well done," he said, as he unbuckled his sword and doffed his plumed hat;—"there's nothing cheers one those nights like a good fire; so draw in your seats, friends, and let us talk of that other fire which we have been so long kindling, but which will burst into a fine blaze tomorrow."

"Hark ye, MacMahon," said O'Moore, in a whisper, "who is this new friend of yours? I don't remember seeing him in your company before."

"Not a new friend at all," was the reply, in a low tone, "but a real old and trusty friend, whom, although a Protestant, I could willingly trust with my life. His name is O'Connolly—Owen O'Connolly—bred and born in Monaghan, and none other than my own foster brother. Draw near to the fire, Owen, my boy," said he aloud to his companion, "for, by Jupiter Pluvius! we have had a wet time of it in our ramble to Lord Maguire's and back;—draw to the fire and let your garments steam a little."

A cloud slowly passed over the Organizer's handsome features, and it was more a feeling of abhorrence than a desire to make room for O'Connolly that prompted him to draw back his chair as that individual drew near. The landlord of the hostelry now entered with a tray full of glasses.

"So we've been to Lord Maguire's," continued Colonel MacMahon, "but my lord was not at home, and we only stayed to have a drop of beer. But confusion to your vulgar city beer, meet drink for swinish Sassenach swashbucklers!—what is it to our sublime Irish *uisge beatha?* See, my friends, how it sparkles," he said, filling a bumper and holding it up in the firelight;—"the genuine fluid, distilled, I warrant me, in the Ulster glens, among the brown rocks and the purple heather. Come, let us drink a health to the man who first called it the Water of Life."

All present emptied their glasses save O'Moore, who simply tasted the contents of his goblet before setting it down; for the Organizer dreaded the indulgence in fiery, brain-addling potations, both small and great.

"By my hand, said MacMahon, setting down his glass, "'tis marvelous stuff. No wonder that Fynes Moryson praised and Sir George Carew, wicked old rascal though he was, recommended it, and that when it was first introduced Rickard MacRannall fell so deeply in love with it as to drink himself to death. What think ye if we sent a gallon of it with our compliments to Chichester House? Perhaps Sir William Parsons might obligingly follow the example of MacRannall."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Plunket, "not a bad idea; but I fear it would fail in the face of the sober-sided Puritan. Not but that I saw him lay in a fair skinful of wine at an awfully loyal banquet here in Dublin last year. You remember the occasion, O'Moore?"

"Yes, I was present in my usual capacity," was the reply; "and well I remember the saying of our worthy Lord Justice: 'I solemnly and publicly declare that in twelve months more not a papist shall be seen in Ireland.' Well, heaven be praised, the twelvemonth is well nigh past, and here we are, as alive as possible."

"And the worthy Mr. Pym has declared that his party in the parliament intend not to leave a priest in Ireland," said MacMahon, "and the Scottish Covenanters are sworn to the extirpation of popery; so woe betide us poor Catholics say I."

"With the morrow there will be an obstacle put to their pious intentions with regard to us," said Plunket, drily.

"How pious your own intentions for to morrow are—aren't they?"

The words were uttered in a low, snarling tone of irony, which made four pairs of eyes look their astonishment on the speaker, who was Owen O'Connolly.

"I partly guess what may take place to-morrow," continued the latter, in a voice already husky from drink—"Protestant churches burnt, Protestant blood flowing in streams in the streets, the papists playing the devil everywhere. Oh, I know very well what is likely to happen;—and, though I may have been born a papist, I'm a Protestant now—and, see here, I'm hanged if ——"

"Be cautious, Owen, be cautious," whispered MacMahon, amazed at this sudden outburst. "Are you going mad?"

"I'm not going mad, and there's nothing to be cautious about. Why the deuce can't a man say a word or two for his own people? Why would any man allow another to be butchered like a pig without saying a word to save him? So, by George, the Protestants must be spared—by George, they must!"

"Will you kindly tell your friend, Col. MacMahon," said the Organizer coldly, that his apprehensions are groundless—that we are opposed to the unnecessary shedding of blood, Protestant or otherwise, and that, so far from contemplating massacres or atrocities, we shall use every means in our power to prevent any such deplorable occurrences? Then I trust he will be satisfied."

"You hear, O'Connolly," said MacMahon. "So now I hope you will drop any more palaver about blood and massacres. Tell me, Owen," he said, as if anxious to change the subject, "what delayed you so long in Ulster after my sending for you?"

"It's easily told," said O'Connolly, tossing off another large glass of the fiery usquebaugh, "I was in Moinmore, in Londonderry, when I got your letter telling me to come to your residence, Connacht Castle, in Monaghan. I came there on Wednesday last, but found you were gone to Dublin, so I followed you, and found out your lodgings here in Oxman town. A matter easily told, but not so easily done."

"Anyhow, it *is* done, and the first of your task is over; the second part will hardly be so hard—I've told it to you already,"

"Yes, I'm expected to use my sword to morrow in what you call 'the good cause.'

"Well, let it be good or bad, I've given my promise, and, *m'anam an diaoul*, I mean to keep it;—but on one condition, and that is that no hurt or harm shall befall Sir John Clotworthy, my master—and as good a master as ever breathed the breath of life."

"His master!" said Plunket, hastily, aside to O'Moore;—"is it possible that we are favored with the company and advice of a mere gilly?"

O'Connolly's ear caught the last words, and he started to his feet in a fit of drunken wrath.

"A mere gilly did you say," he cried;—"yes, a mere gilly, but as good an Irishman as any present. Did you ever hear of the Four Tribes of Tara? If you did you heard that one of them was the O'Connolly's tribe. Amn't I as fit for your company as that fellow sitting moping there in the corner without a word in his jaw? Who is he, I'd like to know, if not some ignorant country clown whose father and mother were heaven knows who?"

Edmund had risen and approached him with a face all aglow with wrath, but Plunket restrained our hero, saying:

"O Connolly, you dog, if you cease not your vulgar stable language I'll be tempted to break your bones and fling you out of the window; mark my words."

"And who are you that says so, might I ask?"

O'Connolly advanced and gazed with an insolent stare into the face of Plunket, who immediately seized a glass of spirits from the table and dashed its contents right into the offensive visage offered to him. O'Connolly retreated, bursting with rage and pain, his hands clasped over his eyes, into which the fiery liquor had penetrated. Then, with a yell like that of a wild beast, he made a frantic search for his sword, but not finding it, rushed to the fireplace and seized the large poker. Here he was baffled again, for the fire use often made of this instrument in tavern quarrels had caused it to be securely fastened to the side of the fireplace with a strong iron chain; and although O'Connolly tugged violently at it until the mortar round the staple to which the chain was attached began to crack and fall in pieces, he was unable to effect his object.

While he was thus employed, Col. MacMahon, thoroughly disgusted at his foster brother's conduct, seized him by the collar, gave him a violent shaking, and flung him contemptuously into a corner.

O'Connolly slowly gathered himself together, arose quite a changed man, the lion apparently cowed. He slowly approached the table, and stretched out his hand towards the drink.

"Not a drop, you rascal; I am quite ashamed of your conduct," said MacMahon, interposing. "Get to bed as quickly as you can, and sleep off the fumes of the drink you have already taken."

"I'll go (hic) to bed," mumbled O'Connolly,—"but first (hic) I'll see—go to the (hic) stable—the horses—must (hic) see them."

O'Moore and his friend whispered together for some minutes, and at length MacMahon said:

"Owen, you sot, we are loth to trust you out of our presence after what has just occurred. Dismiss your business in the stables as speedily as possible; our young friend here will see you thither and back."

O'Connolly staggered to the door of the apartment, and, followed by Edmund O'Tracy, tottered and blundered down the staircase. He was heard awhile grumbling and scolding beneath, and then the three remaining occupants of the room, annoyance and mortification painted on the countenance of each, resumed their seats, drawing them close together.

"A pretty state of affairs," said Hugh MacMahon, "that a man whom I trusted and esteemed so much should behave in such an outrageous manner. I assure you, my friends, that the drunken fellow has a remarkably long head for such business as ours. Pity drink plays the deuce with him."

"We might well have dispensed with his services; and I tell you, Hugh, there is a depth of low cunning and iniquity in that man's countenance such as I have never yet seen in another's, foster brother and all of yours though he may be."

"Right, O'Moore," said Plunket; "I'm of the same opinion myself."

"And now that I can at length speak with impunity," continued the Organizer, "may I inquire if everything is prepared for the morning?"

"Everything," answered MacMahon. "I have arranged with Colonel Hugh Byrne, who, with Col. Plunket, here, and myself, will lead the attacking force on the Castle to-morrow; and the rendezvous with the hour of meeting have been fixed on. Have no fear, Rory, that we shall be wanting in our duty to the old country."

"To the Isle of Saints," added the Organizer.

"To Rosseu Dhu," said MacMahon.

And then, leaning back in his chair, he sang, in a magnificent voice, the sweet Irish melody composed by Red Hugh O'Donnell's bard half a century before:

"My darling of the swelling breast my Rosseu Oge machree,
My lone heart throbs in wild unrest for love, sathore, of thee;
Oh, come with me—with gems and gold I'll deck thy form anew,
In diamonds bright thy form of light shall shine, my Rosseu Dhu."

"Had I six horses, sure for thee I'd plough the bleak hills bare,
And at the high and holy mass for thee I'd pour my prayer;
I'd love the happy colleen dhas would spend her youth with you;
In fairy court, with dance and sport, I'd woo my Rosseu Dhu.

"But Erna's flood in wrath shall swell, and hills rock to and fro,
In crimson waves shall roll the sea, and blood in streams shall flow;
Each glen shall move, each mountain yawn, each bog shake through and through,
Ere hurt or harm shall mar one charm of thee, my Rosseu Dhu."

As he finished the song, the three confederates warmly clasped hands.

"Bravely sung MacMahon," cried Plunket. "As I live, that fine, rolling voice of yours almost makes me forgive you your bringing O'Connolly here tonight. We must only make the best of that matter. When he returns, which of course he will—see, he has left his sword behind him—we will drive him straight to bed, and Morpheus will deprive him of all chance of blabbing, at least till morning. Of course, we've all heard of his goodly master, Clotworthy—how he declared in parliament that Ireland should be civilized by the sword in one hand and the bible in other. Under such government oracles as this, how, under heaven, can we poor Catholics of the Pale preserve our invicinate loyalty? For loyal we have ever been to our king, Catholic or Protestant though he be. My father Sir Christopher is a loyal man, and loyal, too, is his son—though maybe from another point of view. Here's the health of his Majesty, King Charles!"

"Here's to the welfare of the Holy Catholic church," said the Organizer.

"And another toast—let us drink to the old country, to the bountiful queen mother that gave us birth, whom we're sworn to live and die for, and whom well crown tomorrow with a diadem of liberty that shall flash in the sight of the world for ages to come. Come, my friends," he said, standing up with a brimming goblet in his hand; "Erin-go-bragh!"

At this moment the door of the room was thrown open, and the landlord of the inn entered with every expression of fear and alarm.

"Good heavens, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "there has been murder committed! The two men who quitted here just now——"

"Well, what of them?" inquired O'Moore hastily.

"One of them has been found lying in the yard grievously wounded—we fear mortally."

"And the other?"

"Is gone, heaven knows whither."

There was a confused noise of trampling and talking on the staircase, and four men bore the insensible body of our hero into the apartment, the blood dripping on the floor from a deep wound in the back of his head.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Coe Dubb.

[AIR LEANANMHAIN].

Sheas sé ann sin air feadh uaire, air feadh dá uair, air feadh trí h-uaire; agus do mheudaigh an sioc go mór, i riocht gur chualaidh sé briseadh na dtráthnn faoi na chois chomh minic agus chorruigh sé i.

Bhí sé ag smuaineadh ann a inntinn faoi dheire nach dtiucfadh na Sidheoga an oidhche sin, agus go raibh sé chomh maith dhó filleadh air ais arís, nuair chualaidh sé torann a bhfad uaidh ag teacht, agus d'aithnigh sé air an gceud móimid é, agus bhí fhios aige creud do bhí ann. Mheudaigh an torann agus i dtosach bhí sé cosmhuil le bualadh na dtonn air thráigh chlochaigh, agus ann sin mar thuitim easa mhóir, agus faoi dheire mar stoirm árd i mbárr na g-crann, agus ann sin bhris an fromán-gaoithe asteach d'aon ruaig amháin annsan rath chuige, agus bhí na Sidheoga ann.

Tháinig sé chomh h-obann sin gur chaill sé a anál leis, acht tháinig sé chuige féin arís air an mball, agus chuir sé cluas air féin ag éisteacht creud do dhéanfadh siad.

Air éigin bhí siad cruinnighthe astigh annsan ráth nuair thoisigh siad uile ag gólmnigh agus ag béiceadh, agus ag caint eatorra féin, agus ann sin ghlaodh gach uile dhuine acu "Mo shrian 's mo chapall 's mo dhialláid," agus ghlac Goillis meisneach agus ghlaodh seisean amach chómh h-árd le duine air bith acu "Mo shrian, 's mo chapall, 's mo dhialláid, mo shrian, 's mo chapall, 's mo dhialláid!" agus sul do bhí an focal go ceart as a bheul ghlaodh fear eile, "O! a Ghoillis, a bhuachaill! bhfuil tu ann so arís linn? cia an chaoi bhfuil tu teacht air aghaidr le do mhnaoi? Ní'l aon mhaith dhuit bheit glaodhach air do chapall anocht, mise mbhannaidh! ní imeoraidh tu orrainn arís, budt mhaith an cleas d'imir tu orrainn anuraidh!"

"Budh mhaith!" ar fear eile, "ní dheunfaidh sé arís é."

"Nach maith an buachaill é, an buachaill ceudna? bean do thabhairt leis nach dubhairt oiread agus 'cad é mar tá tu,' ó shoin," ar san triomhadh fear.

"B'éadir go bhfuil dáil aige a bheith dearcadh uirri," ar guth eile.

"Agus dá mbéidheadh fios ag an amadán go raibh luibh ag fás suas le na dhoras féin, agus a bhruith 's a tabhairt dí, 's bhéidheadh sí sláu," ar guth eile.

"'S fíor dhuit sin."

"Is amadán é."

"Ná bodharaigh do cheann leis, beidhmid ag imtheacht."

"Fágamaoid an bodach mar atá é."

Agus leis sin d'éirigh siad suas annsan aer agus amach leo aan aon ruaille-buaille mar do thánig siad, agus d'fág siad Goillis bocht 'nna sheasamh mar fear siad é, agus a dí á shúil dul amach air a cheann ag dearcadh 'nna ndiaigh, agus ag deunamh longa-tais.

Ní fada sheas sé gur thill sé air a ais agus é ag smuaineadh ann a cheann féin air an méad a chonnaire sé agus a chualaidh sé, agus ag cuimhnughadh leis féin an raibh luibh dáiribh ag a dhoras féin do bhéarfadh air ais an chaint d'inghin an Righ. "Ní féidir," ar sé leis féin "go n-innseodh siad dam é dá mbéidheadh aon t-subháilce ann, acht b'éidir nach dtug an t-sidheog aire dhó féin nuair léig sé an focal do sgiorradh amach as a bheul. Cuartóchaidh mé go maith chomh luath agus direóchaidh an ghrian, an bhfuil aon phlanda acht fóthanáid agus cupóga ag fás le h-ais an tighe."

Chuaidh sé a bhaile, agus chomh tuirseach agus bhí sé níor chodail sé neul no gur éirigh an ghrian an lá air n-a mháreach, agus d'éirigh seisean, agus budh h-é an cheud rud a rinne sé, dul amach agus cuartughadh go maith thrid an bhfeur thart thimchioll an tighe, ag feuchaint an dtiucfeadh leis aon luibh nár aithnigh sé d'fhághail; agus go deimhin ní raibh sé a bhfad ag cuartughadh nuair thug sé luibh mhór aisteach faoi dhearg, do bhí fás suas go direach le bitun an tighe.

Chuaidh sé aroon chuige, agus bhreathnuigh sé go geur air, agus chonnaire sé go raibh seacht g-craobha beaga ag teacht amach as an agus, agus go raibh seacht ndulleogan ag fás air gach craoibhin acu, agus go raibh súgh dán annsna dulleogaibh.

"Is ró iongantach é," ar seisean, "nach dtug mé an luibh seo faoi deara ariamh roimhe seo. Má tá miorbhuil i luibh air bith budh cóir dó bheith annsan luibh iongantach so."

Tharraing sé a sgian amach agus bhain sé an pianda agus d' íomchar sé asteach ann a theach féin é, agus bhain sé na dulleoga dhe, agus ghearr sé suas an gas, agus thánig súgh tiugh dán as, mar thagann as an bhfóthanáin-mín nuair bridhtear é, acht go raibh an súgh so níos coimhlíte le h-ola.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $35. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

Another Great Upheaval in Political Circles.

MINISTER ROUVIER HAS RESIGNED.

The Exposure of His Connection with the Panama Scandal and the Death of Reinach Rendered the Step Necessary—Death at Dublin of Sir John Bernard Burke—The Poet Watson Goes Insane—Old World News Notes.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—M. Rouvier, minister of finance, has just gone to the Elyee and presented his resignation to President Carnot. Great excitement prevails. The exposure of the connection of M. Rouvier with the Panama scandal rendered necessary a reconstruction of the cabinet. It now appears that M. Rouvier was so closely connected with Reinach as to have been present with M. Herz at a final interview with Reinach, just previous to the baron's death. This secret M. Rouvier has been carrying in his breast ever since that tragic event and the exposure has caused a tremendous sensation.

M. ROUVIER.

Reinach's Last Hours.

The Gaulois gives details of Reinach's last hours. It appears that Reinach, after a final interview with Rouvier and Herz, with all hope gone of any escape from exposure and probably severe and disgraceful legal penalty for his share in the Panama frauds, went back home at midnight and wrote several letters. After writing these letters Baron Reinach destroyed a number of documents. Then he swallowed poison, which he had prepared, and lay down to die about 1 o'clock in the morning. Minister Rouvier has been summoned to give evidence before the Panama investigating commission of the chamber of deputies. Herz has also been summoned, but it is doubtful as to whether he will appear.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Death at Dublin of the Editor of "Burke's Peerage."

LONDON, Dec. 13.—Sir John Bernard Burke, Ulster king-at-arms and editor of the famous record of British nobility, known as "Burke's Peerage," died Tuesday in Dublin. Sir Bernard was born in 1815 in London, being second son of the late John and grandson of the late Peter Burke. He was the author of a number of works, including the "Landed Gentry," "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," etc. In 1853 he was appointed to succeed the late Sir William Betham as "Ulster king-at-arms" and "Knight Attendant of the Order of St. Patrick." In 1854 he received the honor of knighthood. In 1867 Sir Bernard was appointed keeper of the state papers of Ireland and in the following year he was created a companion of the bath. He was a writer of remarkable ability and industry.

The Poet Watson Insane.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—The poet William Watson, who was recently granted £200 from the royal bounty fund for writing the best ode on Tennyson and has even been urged for the laureatship, has become violently insane and placed in an asylum by order of the court at Windsor. The evidence brought out the fact that about twelve years ago a love disappointment induced suicidal mania. At the station he said that Milton was Samson reincarnated, and that he himself was reincarnated Milton. He said that during the night messages flashed like lightning through his room, that Delilah had been reincarnated to tempt him, but he had kept himself pure. He made other similarly incoherent statements.

Issue of Gravest Importance.

ROME, Dec. 13.—In consequence of the friction between the government and the senate, which is due to the few senators who hold positions in the new ministry, Senor Guarnal declared that the issue was of the gravest import and the prestige of the crown was bound up in it. Sig. Grolitti, the prime minister, emphatically denied these assertions, which he declared were unworthy of being examined into in detail. This declaration was greeted with great applause. The senate adjourned immediately after the prime minister concluded his remarks.

Mrs. Langtry Offers a Reward.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—The Morning says that Mrs. Langtry has offered a reward of £50 for information as to the authorship of an unpleasant story about herself. She was the heroine, this story has it, of a disreputable scene at supper at the Savoy hotel, when, it is alleged, she threw butter at a number of gentlemen, and was requested to finish the meal in a private room then to quit the hotel.

Dillon on the Home Rule Bill.

DUBLIN, Dec. 13.—John Dillon, in addressing a national federation convention at Boyle, admitted that there was some danger and risk of trouble in parliament over the coming home rule bill, but he said that it arose rather from dissention in Ireland than from the condition of the parties in England.

Russia to Have an Anti-Combine Law.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec., 13.—In consequence of the attempt of Nobel, the great owner of oil properties in the vicinity of the Caspian and of the Rothschilds to form a corner in naptha, it is intended to enact a law making such combinations illegal and punishable by a severe penalty.

Shot by Train Robbers.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 13.—A special from Ironton says a Chesapeake and Ohio eastbound passenger train was stopped by robbers Monday night, between Huntington and Guyandotte, W. Va. Two of the passengers were shot by the robbers, one of them fatally.

Spent $400,000 in Vain.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Dec. 13.—The Ropes gold mine has closed down, the stockholders having refused to furnish any more money to work the mine. Over $400,000 in assessments has been spent in the attempt to make it a paying property.

Costly Fire at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 13.—Alexander Brown's warehouses at Bond and Thames streets, and 18,000 bales of cotton stored therein were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning, entailing a loss of $500,000.

THOSE RUMORS ABOUT BLAINE.

His Son Says He Has Not Joined the Catholic Church.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—The rumor is denied that ex-Secretary Blaine has been or is to be inducted into the Catholic church by the Rev. Father Ducey. It is learned from James G. Blaine, Jr., that there is no truth in the story. He remarked that the story was almost too absurd for denial, and he could not admire the ingenuity of the originator of it in selecting Father Ducey to perform the service. The family, he said, would certainly know the fact if his father had connected himself with the Catholic church, or if he had any intention of doing so, therefore the rumor could be positively denied. His father's health has steadily improved recently, and he is now much better than he was three days ago.

The California Trip.

The plan of going to California to spend the remainder of the winter is still cherished by the ex-secretary. An intimate friend of the Blaine family also made an emphatic denial of the rumor referred to above. He said that in compliance with the advice of his physician no visitor has been received by Mr. Blaine recently, and Father Ducey has certainly not seen him. Mr. Blaine is connected with the Congregational church at Augusta, Me., and is a communicant at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant of this city, where he partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper a few week's ago.

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.

Clever Capture Made Through the Efforts of a Newspaper Reporter.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 13.—Through a clew secured by a newspaper reporter the police discovered and arrested here a counterfeiter who has been making and issuing bogus silver coin since last August and defied detection. His name is Frederick W. Davis, and he was caught with a counterfeit outfit in his possession and 140 silver quarters in his pocket. A case of cruel treatment of a little girl was investigated by a reporter.

Broke Down and Confessed.

He learned from the victim, Katie Williams, that her stepfather, Fred W. Davis, with whom she was living, was forcing her to pass counterfeit money. A detective visited Davis' room, 147 North Third street, with the above result. Davis denied the charge at first, but when the evidence was found he broke down and confessed. He is an Englishman, 27 years old, and came to America seven years ago. His parents, who still reside in England, are said to be wealthy and drove him from home because of his bad behavior. It is thought he has made and passed a bushel of coin.

He Transposed the Names.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 13.—W. H. Hussey, clerk of Haskell county, was in Topeka Monday, and made the following statement: "No one more than myself was surprised to learn that the figures that I sent to the secretary of state showed Stubbs' election instead of Rosenthal. I visited the secretary of state's office this morning and saw that I made the mistake of transposing the two names. I issued a certificate of election to Rosenthal. I have been absent from home a large part of the time at West Plains and did not hear of the error until Dec. 3. I came to Topeka to do anything in my power to rectify it, and will issue a corrected return to the secretary at once."

Arrested for Witchcraft.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 13.—Mrs. Purrie of New York city and Mme. Merrill of Elmira, N. Y., who have been telling fortunes here for a week, were arrested Monday evening charged with witchcraft. The penalty for the offense is one year's imprisonment, one hour in the pillory and $100 fine, but the pillory is omitted in the case of a woman. The law is a very old one and this is the first time the present authorities remember it has ever been enforced. The women were not put into cells as both have young children which could not be left alone. Mme. Merrill was so frightened when the warrant was read to her that she fainted and had to be cared for.

Interrupted by Storms.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—Another storm of sleet, snow and rain combined is general throughout the west, and has caused an almost complete interruption of telegraphic communication. Neither of the telegraph companies can handle any but the most urgent dispatches, and press matter is at a standstill. The storm extends eastward into Pennsylvania, and west beyond the Missouri river, and the outlook for better weather is not at all encouraging. Wires are down in all directions.

Taylor Murdered Mary Comely.

JACKSON, Mich., Dec. 13.—George Taylor, the ex-convict released from the prison here Dec. 1 was fully identified Monday as the murderer of Mary Comely of Niles, Mich, who was killed last Wednesday night in her home in that village. The revolver with which Miss Comely was killed was sold to Taylor by a Jackson pawnbroker. He served a term in prison here for robbing Miss Comely years ago and revenge was doubtless his motive for the murder. Taylor is still at large.

Poisoned the Whole Family.

LIMA, O., Dec. 13.—At White Oaks a few days ago Mrs. Robert Brown placed some rat poison in a dish containing cornmeal, intending to use it to poison small rodents and vermin. Yesterday Mrs. Brown's daughter used a portion of it in preparing a family breakfast, with the result that the entire family, consisting of the mother and three daughters, became violently ill. They will probably die.

Post Election Events in Georgia.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 13.—A special from Sparta says a shooting affray occurred on the streets of that place Monday. Dr. Gilmore, who wrote third party letters under the nom de plum of "Zoilus" was killed; "Dude" West, a member of the legislature, was shot in the arm; Ed Brown, assistant marshal, shot in the finger; Burt Amoss shot in the groin. Gilmore's sons were engaged in the shooting.

Rustlers and Cowboys Fight.

FARGO, N. D., Dec. 13.—Advices from Billings county, west of Missouri river, state that a fight occurred Friday between cattlemen and cattle rustlers, who had been running stock off ranges. No particulars except that the rustlers retreated into the sand hills.

Found Dead with Gas Turned On.

TOLEDO, Dec. 13.—H. C. Eckbohm, a Detroit traveling man, representing the Schulenburg Manufacturing company, was found dead in his room at the Hotel Jefferson Tuesday morning with the illuminating gas turned on.

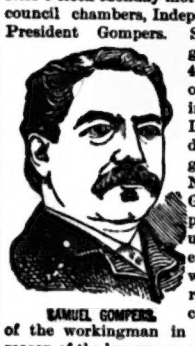
WORKINGMEN GATHER.

American Fedration of Labor in Annual Convention.

WELCOMED TO THE QUAKER CITY.

The Meeting Called to Order by President Gompers with Seventy-Five Delegates, Representing 400,000 Trades Men of All Kinds in Attendance—Remarks of Mr. George L. Chance About the Homestead Strike and What May Result.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 12.—The Twelfth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor was called to order at 10:35 o'clock Monday morning in common council chambers, Independence Hall, by President Gompers. Seventy-five delegates representing 400,000 tradesmen of all kinds were in attendance. H. L. Mines of Philadelphia Typographical union No. 2 introduced George L. Chance, president of the union, who delivered the address of welcome. In his remarks he deprecated the condition of the workingman in Pennsylvania by reason of the low wages paid, and said the laws of the nation and state are partly responsible for the state of affairs. According to a judge of the supreme court trades unions are tyrannies while the treasonable act of the Carnegie corporation in making war upon our state was perfectly justifiable.



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

True Condition of Affairs.

It is possible that through the blood of the men who died on the banks of the Monongahela last July may come a realization of the true condition of affairs and that the legislation of the future will be in favor of the masses rather than for the enrichment of the few. He called upon the delegates to point out the way to better this condition. His address was warmly applauded. President Gompers responded and after a few words of thanks said he desired to express his appreciation of the warning note sounded in Pennsylvania.

"It is time," he said, "that the workers who are producers should formulate their demands and in no uncertain tones present them to those who would seek the destruction of that spirit of independence which the workers, the wealth producers of our country inherited from those brave men who sacrificed their lives and their all upon the altar of liberty more than a century ago. It is lamentable that judges will stoop so low as to aim at an end so despicable as has been recently witnessed in Pennsylvania."

Committee on Credentials.

He attributed the status of labor in this state to comparative lack of organization and to the fact that the wage workers have been owning allegiance to political parties first and to themselves, as a class, last. President Gompers then appointed this committee on credentials: J. J. Linehau of the Carpenters' and Joiners' union of Chicago; A. Todenhausen, Tailors' union, Knoxville, Tenn.; Charles Reichers, United Garment Workers of America, New York; P. J. McIntyre, International Typographical union, Denver; Al Nathan, Trades and Labor assembly, Pueblo, Colo. After the reading of a cablegram of friendly greeting from an organization in Norway the convention took a recess until 2 p. m.

A Lively Discussion.

When the delegates reassembled in the afternoon Thomas J. Elderkin, general president and treasurer of the Lake Seamen's Benevolent association of Chicago presented a resolution protesting against the awarding of the printing of the World's fair catalogue to the W. B. Conkey company of Chicago, a distinctly non-union office. This matter raised the liveliest kind of a discussion, and as it was without the official seal of the International Typographical union or of a Chicago Typographical union, Delegate Campbell of the International union, moved that the resolution be referred to his fellow delegates so that they might correspond with the Chicago union, learn the exact nature of case and report before 1 p. m. Tuesday, when the world's fair committee on ways and means is expected to award the contract. Nearly every delegate had something to say on the subject and Vice President McGuire had all he could do to maintain a semblance of order.

The Telegraphers' Strike.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—Allegations and prompt denials and buoyed hopes appear to be the only features of the Rock Island telegraphers' strike Monday. General Manager St. John once more asserted that there existed no strike except in the imagination of the operators' committee at the Palmer house, and also that three members of the committee had made application to the company for reinstatement. The strikers, of course, declare these statements to be false and say it will not be long before the officials of the road will make concessions.

Presidential Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The president Monday sent the following nominations to the senate: Treasury—Genio M. Lambertson of Nebraska to be assistant secretary of the treasury, vice A. B. Nettleton, resigned. Justice—Charles C. Cole of the District of Columbia to be associate justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, vice Charles P. James, retired; Peter S. Grosscup of Illinois, to be United States district judge for the northern district of Illinois, vice Henry W. Blodgett, retired. State—James W. McDill of Iowa to be an interstate commerce commissioner—repointed; Pierson C. Cheney of New Hampshire to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Switzerland.

Sunday Closing Question.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Abner Taylor is discouraged over the outlook for Sunday opening. He has begun questioning the senators and finds strong opposition to any such movement. The Chicago congressman will hold a conference this week and mark out a plan of action. Nothing but the hardest kind of work will secure the passage of a bill repealing the Sunday closing clause. The members of congress know little or nothing of the strength of the opposition to the Sunday closing, and thus far no systematic effort has been made to enlighten them. If Chicago wants the exposition open on Sunday she had better make her desires known at Washington without further delay.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Mary E. Miller has secured a verdict of $3,565 against Boone county, Ia., for injuries received by reason of a defective road.

The Times' correspondent at Rangoon, British Burmah, says that there is a severe famine in Khiangmai. The American missionaries are feeding the starving people.

It is announced that the City National bank and the First National bank of Covington, Ky., will be consolidated under one management on the 1st of next month. The City National bank will be abandoned and the bank resulting from the consolidation will have a $1,000,000 capital stock.

John Minnier committed suicide at Decatur, Ills., by hanging. He was 18 years old and lived at Mahomet.

The bureau of steam engineering in the navy department wants $750,000 for the next fiscal year. Commodore Melville says the cruiser Chicago's boilers should be changed for an improved type which would require, in common reason, new engines.

There was a serious riot at Ichang, China. Sailors were landed from the navy vessels to quell it. No Europeans were injured.

Miss Veible McHugh, aged 12, was burned at her parents' home in Eureka, Ills., while lighting a fire with kerosene. She died the next day.

Sheriff J. B. Kennedy of West Superior, Wis., has accepted a verdict of $7,000 against the Superior Terminal company for personal damages.

John J. Ingalls is about to make an extended tour of the east on a lecturing expedition.

General Butler thinks the best ballot law Massachusetts ever had was that in force for two years about forty years ago, when the citizen placed his vote inside a small envelope. If two votes were found there they were both rejected, and there were rarely more envelopes than voters' names on the poll list.

Rev. J. F. Hendy, president of the Presbyterian college at Emporia, Kan., has resigned. He was one of the passengers on the plague-stricken ship Roumania and the long quarantine shattered his already poor health.

Count Tolstoi keeps a dairy in which he sets down everything worthy of notice in his daily life. It will not be made public until after his death.

In his great speech in the reichstag in opposition to the army bill Eugene Richter made the striking statement that already the German laborer had to work a month and a half to enable him to pay his share of the cost of the army and navy.

Probably the only woman custom broker in this or any other country is Miss Hulda Graer of Cincinnati. She is only 22 years old, and at her father's death, a year or so ago, she decided to continue his business.

* * *

General J. B. Walker, General Heath, Major Stearns and William C. Crowell are again at work locating and marking the lines of battle at Antietam. General Longstreet will be there shortly and assist in the work.

Rev. Richard W. Wilson of Texas has been sent to jail for stealing a horse. It was respect for his cloth alone that saved him from being the central figure in a rope-stretching matinee.

A young theosophist came all the way from New Zealand for a ten-minute consultation with Mrs. Annie Besant. He came by a steamer that arrived at New York on Friday and sailed for home by another on Saturday.

Telegrapher C. G. Medicus of Lafayette, Ind., aged 20, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for stealing $367 from the Western Union company.

Olga Sanford, the granddaughter of the late Governor Hoffmann of New York, is the only living descendant of the third generation, and will ultimately inherit his large fortune.

The fire in the Stirling, Pa., colliery has become unmanageable, and it has been decided to flood it. Carbon Run creek will be turned into it.

Charles M. Hurley was found dead on the Wabash tracks at Andrews, Ind. He lived at Watertown, N. Y.

The Clevelands will spend the winter at Lakewood, N. J., a popular winter resort. Their cottage, situated in a pine forest, will be remodeled, and better accommodated to the needs of parents and baby.

William Jones and Tuck Foggy were fatally injured while cleaning a blast furnace at Birmingham, Ala.

Irvin Roberts, the murderer of Lannon Cross White at Bristol, Tenn., is expected to be caught soon and lynched.

George Money, son of Congressman-elect H. D. Money, who killed Elam, the Populist, has been admitted to bail in the sum of $8,000.

Masked men ordered Farmer John Brady to halt Monday night near Fort Dodge, Ia., but Brady drove ahead furiously and the men shot at him in vain.

* * *

A consolidation league is at work in New York and Brooklyn getting pledges of citizens who will vote for the union of the two great cities. It is expected that the movement will be able to make quite a showing before the legislature.

Arthur W. Wuillmeau, the young Alsatian, has begun a fast of fifty days at Cleveland, O., under the supervision of the faculty of the Western Reserve Medical college.

M. Benatres, a Paris clerk, who became literally madly in love with Berhardt fifteen years ago, requiring his commitment to an insane hospital, died in the institution the other day. Though he lost his mind his devotion did not go with it, for he kept on writing letters to Sarah until the last.

It is reported in London that another "wealthy American gentleman" is to try the publication there of a daily newspaper on the American model.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, doesn't like to have his new marble house at Washington described as a palace.

Eddie Gould is a member of a New York canoe club, and until a very few years ago used to participate in "upset races" and other aquatic high jinks.

Bert Campbell was fatally shot by Ora Ellis at Veedersburg, Ind. They were playing with a revolver.

Le Caron is so well pleased with the success of his book, "The Reminiscences of a Spy," for the manuscript of which he received $5,000, that he proposes to start a weekly political paper in London.

James Young's right arm was blown off at Veedersburg, Ind., by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Mattie Springs, a colored woman, is in jail at Vincennes, Ind., charged with horse stealing.

A boiler explosion at Blackhawk, Ia., killed Benjamin Richards, the engineer, and injured two employes, burying them in the wreck of logs and lumber. Hart and Stewart are seriously injured.

* * *

Adlai E. Stevenson, vice president-elect, was given a reception at the home of his cousin, C. A. Ewing, of Decatur, Ills. Over 200 persons attended.

A national bank with $2,000,000 capital has been organized at Elwood, Ind., by A. L. Conger, R. L. Leeson, James Overshiner, W. S. Edwins, John Deal, J. M. Ryer, and J. F. Rodefer.

A compound locomotive of the Vauclain type, running on the Bound Brook route between New York and Philadelphia, recently covered a mile in 37 seconds, and two successive miles in 75 seconds, or at the rate of ninety-seven miles an hour. This engine weighs 123,800 pounds.

Jacob B. Crowell, of Greencastle, Pa., was buncoed out of $5,000 in the usual way by a man "who wanted to buy a farm."

David Davis was killed and John Williams fatally injured by a fall of coal in Lackawanna colliery at Oliphant, Pa.

The trial of Actor M. B. Curtis for murder at San Francisco was interrupted by by the death of one of the jurors.

Nelson F. Evans, a director of the wrecked Spring Garden National bank of Philadelphia, was convicted in the United States district court of misapplying the funds of the bank.

Mrs. Charles Anderson, wife of a contractor at Fairbury, Ills., died nuder Christian science treatment for a complication of diseases that puzzled the medical doctors.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has sent an order to the American Bank Note company for 3,000,000,000 Columbian postage stamps to be delivered in 1893.

Before Dick Orels ventured into Mrs. Underdown's house near Weston, O., he asked aloud if Mr. Underdown were home. The farmer went out, stabbed Orels to the heart and gave himself up.

Eight business houses of Freeport, Ills., were swindled after banking hours by a man of rural mein who played upon them the old familiar game of giving a bogus check in payment for a bill of goods and pocketing the money. The swindler escaped.

Taney county, Mo., elected a prosecuting attorney whose home is in another county. The man chosen is Ben Price of Springfield, Greene county, a Republican. The opposing candidate was C. B. Sharp of Christian county.

Stephen C. Woodson, president of the Saxton National bank at St. Joseph, Mo., who was indicted for renting a house to be used for immoral purposes, was acquitted by a jury.

* * *

Some persons at Pittsburg propose to impeach the mayor and officers of the department of public safety for not enforcing the laws against disorderly houses.

Rev. William R. Covert of Pittsburg is confined in the insane department of the St. Francis hospital. It is believed his reason can be restored.

The grand chapter of Texas Masons, in session at Houston, refused by a vote of 165 to 143 to come under the jurisdiction of the grand chapter of the United States, from which jurisdiction the Texas chapter has been distinct since 1861. The only other independent state grand chapter is Rhode Island.

The Lytle Coal company's colliery at Primrose, Pa., in which ten miners were drowned last April, is on fire.

The council of administration of the Grand Army of the Republic, department of Indiana, has directed Commander Joseph B. Cheadle to commence suit against the Indiana monument commission to recover $21,000 which was donated by the various posts of the state to the monument fund. The bone of contention is whether the monument which is now approaching completion shall be a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war alone, or whether it shall commemmorate the valor of Indiana soldiery in the war.

Senator Tasse, of Ottawa, Ont., has been appointed honorary commissioner for Canada to represent the world's fair at Chicago.

Dr. Ernest Werner Siemens, the distinguished German scientist, who died on Tuesday, was to some extent an Edison in Europe, only his inventions covered a wider range of subjects. The late Emperor Frederick II conferred a patent of nobility upon him.

The Kansas State Equal Suffrage association, in session at Abilene, Kan., adopted a resolution indorsing Mrs. Lease for the United States senate.

Hard Hearing Fool, a Rosebud Sioux Indian, has been taken to Washington, where he will be confined in the National Insane asylum. Young Fool is mildly crazy, and will be the first Sioux ever taken to an insane asylum by the government.

* * *

William Robertson, 18 years old, has been convicted at Rocky Mound, Va., of murdering Jerry Barbour a year ago.

William Smulters of Eagle Hill, near Pottsville, Pa., has disappeared and William Kelloscavagh has been arrested on suspicion of murdering him.

The budget committee of the French chamber of deputies has decided to propose that the duties on alcohol be increased 100 franc.

Tiburzi, an uncaptured Italian bandit, died of old age recently. He had been sentenced to death thirty-seven times.

Professor McFarlane of the Texas university, does not take much stock in General Dyrenforth's experiments. Noise does not bring rain in his opinion.

Senor Antonio Bernejo has been appointed minister of the interior of Buenos Ayres.

Matthew McDonald and John Coleman, each 12 years old, were arrested in Boston for breaking into a house and robbing it.

M. Charpentier de Cossigny, of Paris, a retired general of division of artillery, escaped all the dangers of battle only to be killed a few days ago by a fall downstairs in his own residence.

Having found witnesses to prove his wife's desertion, but none who could swear that she was dead, W. S. Crofut, of Bridgeport, Conn., has secured a divorce from Clara Pease Crofut, an actress, who died somewhere in the west a few years ago.

William Roark was fatally wounded by Tillman Williams at Middleborough, Ky., in a fight growing out of a discussion of a sermon.

The shooting of Henry Green at Johnson City, Tenn., is regarded as a signal for the reopening of the Green-Jones feud in Hancock county. Over twenty lives have been sacrificed in this feud.

The executors of the will of W. J. Gordon, the Cleveland millionaire, have refused to accept the compensation provided for them in that instrument, $5,000 a year, because it is not explicitly specified that they shall each have that amount.

Among the Asiatics studying at the University of Oxford is a native of Afghanistan named Fida Mohammed Kahn.

FOUR HANGED AT ONCE

Quadruple Execution in the Jail at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 9.—The four murderers in the county jail here were hung Friday morning at 7:54 o'clock. The execution was witnessed by only a small crowd and was quietly and scientifically conducted. Dennis McCarthy, who killed his wife, and Stephen Hite, who slew Albert Baurmann, were white; Grant Thomas and Nelson Lewis were colored. Thomas killed Birdie Coleman and Lewis shot George Dean, both victims being negroes. At 7:45 o'clock the four men entered the jailyard and marched up the steps of the scaffold. All but Thomas stood with bowed heads. He looked about at the crowd and bowed to the men he knew in the crowd and at the windows of the jail. The deputies arranged the nooses and pinioned the men at 7:46 o'clock. Hite, while being pinioned, kicked off the slippers he wore. The priests talked continually to Hite and McCarthy and the colored ministers spoke occasionally to Thomas and Lewis.

The Fatal Drop.

At 7:54 the drop fell. Hite struggled from the first. Grant Thomas' arm drew up, and McCarthy's hands moved convulsively. Lewis hung limp. At 7:56 Lewis had not moved, and to all appearances his neck had been broken by the drop. The struggles of the others grew less. At 7:57 the doctors found Lewis' pulse 128, but it quickly fell to 72. Grant Thomas' pulse was 120. Hite's was 44. McCarthy's, at 7:58, was 98. At 7:59 Grant Thomas' pulse was down to 60. McCarthy's pulse, half a minute later, was imperceptible. At the same moment Hite's pulse could not be counted. At 8 o'clock Thomas was the only living man. A faint beating of their hearts could still be detected for several minutes, but at 8:09¼ o'clock all four were pronounced dead.

Alleged Homestead Poisoner.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 12.—Deputy Sheriff Farrell made application Monday morning to Governor Pattison for a requisition on the governor of Kentucky for the delivery of Robert F. Beatty to the Allegheny county authorities. Beatty is under arrest in Louisville, charged with felonious assault. Farrell says there is strong evidence at hand to show that Beatty was concerned in the poisoning of non-unionists at the Carnegie works in Homestead, and that the facts developed implicate others in the crime who will also be placed under arrest. Farrell and Attorney Breck expect to be in Louisville Wednesday to take charge of the prisoner.

Costly Fire at Sumter, S. C.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 12.—A Sumter special to The New and Courier says: About 9 o'clock Friday night a fire started in the opera house during the performance by the "Chick" company. The flames spread rapidly and soon the opera house was in ruins with burning buildings all around. The theatre and eight business blocks were entirely consumed. The fire department did all in its power but the flames raged five hours and leveled the principal business blocks in the town. Losses and insurance cannot yet be estimated.

Relief for Homestead Strikers.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 12.—The Homestead relief committee has at last organized. A general meeting was held Friday night, and the appeal drawn up by the subcommittee was adopted. It states there are 218 families of 870 persons in Homestead on the verge of destitution. Less than 800 of the 3,800 strikers have been taken back into the mill. It was decided to ask for the remainder of the $10,000 raised by Homestead for the Johnstown sufferers. The balance is in the hands of the local committee, having never been used.

Matron Wilson Resigns.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Mrs. Annie E Wilson, who has been a matron at the barge office and Ellis island ever since the federal authorities took charge of immigration matters at this port, and who had been a customs inspector since 1877, has tendered her resignation, to take effect on Jan. 1. Mrs. Wilson is the woman who, when her husband died at sea on the ship which he commanded, and the crew mutinied, seized a revolver, drove the sailors back to their posts, and brought the vessel safely into port.

Two Children Suffocated.

FARGO, N. D., Dec. 12.—Mrs. Ole R. Albertson of York, Benton county, left her house Saturday night for a short time. While she was away some paper caught fire from the stovepipe and the room was soon completely filled with smoke, which suffocated her two little children. The mother has become insane.

Canned Corn Factories in Maine.

There are not less than twenty-five factories in the state of Maine where green corn is put up by the hundred thousand cans. More sweet corn and better sweet corn can be raised to the acre in Maine than anywhere on earth. —Exchange.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for [illegible] by the use thousands of cases of the [illegible] and of long standing have been cured. [illegible] so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will [illegible] A VALUABLE TREATISE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who [illegible]

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Jupiter."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—Zola's Herrmann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Glendalough."

THE SCHILLER.
Randolph street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

A ROTTEN REED.

Already treacherous members of the English Whig party are openly declaring that they will vote against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill when presented in the house of commons, and the old statesman and his indefatigable lieutenant, John Morley, are sorely troubled accordingly. None knows how rotten a reed English Whig support—for an Irish measure of any importance to Ireland—is to lean upon than Mr. Gladstone, who was a leader in the councils of Whig cabinets for more than a generation before he became a convert to the idea of a restored, or half restored, Irish legislature. The *Inter Ocean's* special London correspondent, cabling from that city under date of the 10th inst. says:

"As the Gladstone Irish Home Rule bill looms nearer and nearer and assumes more definitely a well outlined shape the shadows deepen over the prospects of the Liberal party. Irish Secretary Morley's speech at Newcastle had a ring of nervous uneasiness in reference to the bill. There was a distinct foreboding of failure in his appeal to the Irish party not to overthrow the fabric which the government had reared for the self government of Ireland. 'A heavy responsibility,' he added, 'will rest upon those in Ireland and England who, at this critical moment, interpose for either personal or factional objects any obstacle to the consummation of Home Rule.' This was a two handed stroke, hitting with one swashing blow at the doubtful English Liberals and the suspected Irish members, but failing to impress either, further than, possibly, to increase their annoyance and their growing hostility to Gladstone's projects. Sir Edward Reed, for years representing Cardiff in the house of commons, was re-elected to this parliament as an out-and-out Gladstonian, but he is now against everything Gladstonian apparently. He is, to be sure, what is called a 'disgruntled' politician, for it is since missing a leading post in the admiralty, which he confidently expected to get from Mr. Gladstone, that he has been known as a notoriously disappointed man, and ready to 'rat' his party at the first fair opportunity. His behavior, however, is an evidence of the very slight hold which the Gladstonian party nowadays has on the minds and fealty of the Prime Minister's following. Sir Edward, without losing a day, has responded vigorously to Mr. Morley by declaring that he will flatly oppose Home Rule if the government scheme concedes exactly what the whole body of Irish Nationalists, Parnellites and anti-Parnellites alike, are absolutely pledged to insist upon as the irreducible minimum of Irish demands. This, which is known to be the sentiment of many beside Sir Edward Reed, puts the whole situation in a nutshell. Mr. Gladstone may have the support of the English Liberals or the Irish members, according to his choice of precedence, but not of both; and by trying to serve two masters he will displease both, and be out of service again before he knows it. Reed voted for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals in 1886, and his open defection now implies more than the loss of a single vote, as the quiet strength which lies in his influence will involve the loss to Gladstone of some dozen votes which he takes with him, besides the wider influence to which I have referred."

This man, Reed, is a fair specimen of the unprincipled English politician, and of such, unfortunately, there are many in the loosely constructed Liberal party. As regards the Irish National members of both sections, there is no fear that they will go back on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill, if it is worthy of acceptance, and, if it is not; if it is constructed simply with a view of conciliating Reed, and schemers of his ilk, the sooner they oppose it the better, and so put an end to humbug at the start. Ireland can much better afford to be beaten on the issue of a decent Home Rule bill than cheated by the imposition upon her of a worthless one. It is painfully apparent to us that, at this crisis, there is no Irish parliamentary leader of overshadowing genius and influence at the helm. We regret to observe, also, that our Irish contemporaries, representing both "wings" of the parliamentary party, indulge in more vituperation than is good for their country and her cause. Missions of enterprising members of parliament, on money hunts, to this country will be of little avail while this condition of things lasts. They might as well save themselves the discomfort and expense of ocean travel and remain quietly in the bosom of their families until parliament opens. Positively the American Irish, as a mass, and that means everything, will have nothing to do with subscriptions for parliamentary purposes until both the factions unite, and together choose a leader in whom we on this side can have confidence.

"DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR."

Last Tuesday, Dec. 13, 1892, was the thirtieth anniversary of the celebrated battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Irish Brigade, of the Army of the Potomac, exhibited a heroism and sustained a loss in killed and wounded that placed it in the van of military heroism. Fredericksburg was fought in a moment of sore depression, produced by the unsatisfactory result of the battle of Antietam, in which the Rebel army was defeated without being permanently crippled, as it might have been; and by the rather harsh removal of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan from the position of commander-in-chief. His successor, Gen. Ambrose E Burnside, was a gallant soldier, and an excellent corps commander, but he was deficient in the great quality of strategical genius. He only saw what was actually in his front, and marched against it in battering ram fashion. No general in his senses would have accepted battle when Gen. Burnside did, with fortified heights of almost interminable extent in his front, and a deep and rapid river, the storied Rappahannock, in his rear. He had an excellent army under him, but the soldiers had no confidence in their chief and went into the battle without that enthusiasm so necessary for success. Nevertheless every man went into the conflict determined to do his duty.

It is not THE CITIZEN'S purpose to describe in detail the battle of Fredericksburg. It will merely glance at its salient features. The left grand attack was committed to the corps, or grand division, of Gen. W. B. Franklin, who was confronted by Stonewall Jackson, and the right and centre grand attack was committed to the grand division under Major Gen. Sumner, who had in front of him Marye's heights—not St. Mary's heights, as poets have erroneously called them—held by the corps of Longstreet and the Hills. To Hancock's command was given the honor of the assault upon the heights, and this was led by the brigades of Zook and Meagher. The position was a deadly one for the attacking troops, because their opponents were posted behind stone walls that ran along both sides of the road that swept around the base of Marye's heights, and on the latter were planted the cannon of Longstreet who, as he expressed it to Gen. Lee, was able to rake with them the plain across which the assailing soldiery were to advance, "like a fine tooth comb." The leading brigades of French's division moved gallantly to the attack, but the murderous fire from the Confederate infantry and artillery compelled them, after a fine display of courage, to lie flat upon the ground in order to escape annihilation. The commands of Zook and Meagher, however, could not be stopped by this fire. They marched over their prone comrades, Meagher's men particularly distinguished by bunches of green boxwood which they carried in their caps, as their colors had been shot to pieces at Antietam, and were no longer recognizable. McLaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which was immediately opposed to them at the stone wall, had a goodly proportion of Irishmen in its ranks, and they, for a moment, paused in admiration, and in pity, as Meagher's men came on, with a Fontenoy rush and cheer. The pause, however, was only momentary, and when the boys of the Brigade came within a couple of hundred paces of the Rebel line, a very "fire of hell" from both cannon and musketry opened upon them. Their line was shattered in a hundred places, but, closing up, they delivered a return volley and pressed on with the bayonet, determined to conquer or perish. Again a storm of iron and lead swept through their thinned array, but, nothing daunted, the survivors still pressed on, until, in the words of the London *Times* correspondent, they reached "within forty paces of the muzzles of Col. Walton's guns." At that distance, overwhelmed with missiles, they paused but disdained to retreat. Out of 1,300 men who made the attack, less than two hundred remained unwounded, and these were too few to pierce the hostile lines. The recall was then sounded, and slowly and sullenly the order was finally obeyed. The green fields over which they had advanced were strewn with the bodies of the dead, dying and wounded. A little stream that ran through the pasture land was reddened with the blood of the victims of this awful butchery. A few of Zook's men penetrated as far as the main line of the Irish Brigade, but the dead of the latter, when the firing ceased, were found in dozens within a few yards of the stone wall. Most of the wounded lay on the field during the night, and suffered untold agony. There was an end of Meagher's command as a brigade. Only 180 odd men, most of them slightly, and some seriously, wounded answered to roll call. Next morning, when Gen. Hancock reviewed them, it is related that he expressed surprise at seeing a corporal and two soldiers standing isolated at the end of the line. "Close up with your company!" the General commanded sharply. The corporal saluted, and said proudly, yet sadly, "General, we are a company!" The heroic Hancock immediately lifted his hat and bowed his head in recognition of the heroes, and then turned away unable to control his emotion.

But, after all, the proudest tribute to the heroism of the Irish Brigade of Meagher was written by a national enemy, an Englishman, the London *Times* correspondent already alluded to, who wrote to his paper that "never at Fontenoy, at Albuera or at Waterloo did the sons of Erin display such matchless valor, as in those six frantic dashes against that impregnable position, where they pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race that had won glory on a thousand battlefields, and never more richly earned it than at the foot of Marye's heights on the 13th of December, 1862."

A generation has passed away since the Irish made that sacrifice for America, and few of that "noble little brigade," as their gallant and eloquent brigadier called them, survive today. But on their flags are written in memory, if not in fact, "Williamsburg," "Chickahominy," "Mechanicsville," "Fair Oaks," "Savage's Station," "Seven Pines," "Malvern Hill," where they repulsed at the point of the bayonet the victory flushed legions of Magruder; "Antietam," where they pierced the Rebel lines at "the sunken road," and last, and deadliest, "Fredericksburg." For those who fell, their few living comrades can proudly answer when the roll of valor is called, as the Grenadiers of France answer for La Tour D'Auvergne, "Dead on the Field of Honor."

A DARING OUTRAGE.

Mr. James Bradley, the well known liveryman, so prominent in Irish national circles, was waylaid, knocked from his wagon and robbed by a band of thugs on Blue Island avenue viaduct, on Friday night of last week. He had been on a collecting tour and the thieves, no doubt, were on the watch for him. They obtained a number of checks, perfectly worthless to them, but only $5 in money. Mr. Bradley was seriously cut about the head and was obliged to go under treatment, but he is convalescing rapidly. The city is gaining an unenviable notoriety because of cases of this kind, and because the guilty parties generally manage to escape arrest. The assault on Mr. Bradley occurred at 6:30 o'clock in the evening—a extraordinarily early hour for the perpetration of such an outrage. This shows the necessity for having a regular police patrol of one, or more, men on long and lonely viaducts. If outrages of this nature continue much longer, the people of this city may be compelled to organize for that protection which the city government appears unable, or unwilling, to afford them.

MR. CREGIER'S RECOVERY.

It gives THE CITIZEN great pleasure to announce to its readers the recovery of the Hon. DeWitt C. Cregier, ex mayor of this city, from a dangerous attack of pneumonia. Mr. Cregier has thousands of friends and well wishers among those who differ from him, as well as those who agree with him, politically. He is an old and honored resident of Chicago, and is prominently identified, both as a public officer and a private citizen, with its interest and progress. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Cregier on his convalescence.

"THE ARENA."

The stalwart growth of the American magazine is one of the great features of this generation. Each new successful magazine published in a mile stone that marks the march of the Nation on the high road of intellectual progress. Time was, and that not long ago, when Americans were mostly dependent upon England for their magazine literature, and when American publications were bad counterfeits of those of the alleged mother country. Now, however, our magazines and reviews move in orbits of their own, and are not the mere satellites of foreign publishers. No English, or other, periodical exceeds in interest *Harper's*, the *Century*, *St. Nicholas*, the *New England*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Arena*. The latter magazine, published at Boston, Mass., has, within a few years, sprung to the front in American literature. It has given a scope to the controversial, and educational, genius of the country hitherto unknown, and has, in fact, brought out expressions of opinion, valuable to humanity, which have been frequently "declined with thanks" by its contemporaries. The *Arena* for December is more interesting, if that is possible, than any of its predecessors. Among the famous contributors are the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, bishop of Peoria, who writes about the World's Fair; the Rev. Lyman Abbott on "Compulsory Education;" Col. Napoleon New, grandson of the Great Marshal of France, and a rising man among Frenchmen of letters, on "The Occult in Paris;" Terence V. Powderly on "Government Ownership of Railways;" Mr. McLaughlin on "Evictions in New York," and other articles by writers of hardly less note. The *Arena* is a credit to American intellect and literary enterprise, and its gifted and energetic editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, is to be cordially congratulated on the success it has achieved.

THE Anti-Parnellites failed to unseat Mr. William Redmond, brother of the member for Waterford city, in East Clare.

GEN. HERMAN LIEB and his amiable wife have been greatly afflicted in the death of their promising son, Thomas Jefferson Lieb—which occurred at the family residence, No. 616 LaSalle avenue, on Tuesday morning—at the age of 17 years. General and Mrs. Lieb have the sincere sympathy of THE CITIZEN in their great sorrow.

THE CITIZEN cordially congratulates ex Ald. James O'Brien on his nomination as county agent. He is, unquestionably, the right man in the right place.

AMOS T. H. FAKE, eldest son of Major Fred L. and Mrs. Lucy D. Fake, No. 81 East Forty-seventh street, died on Monday of this week after a lingering illness. He was 27 years old, and had been noted as an athlete, as well as a brilliant mind in intellectual pursuits. Many months ago, he became a victim of stomach trouble, and, notwithstanding the unremitting attention of eminent physicians, gradually wasted away. His death is a sore affliction to the parents who idolized him, and they have the deep sympathy of hosts of friends in this city and elsewhere.

MR. ST. CLAIR SUTHERLAND, long a noted figure in Chicago politics, on the Democratic side, died at his residence in this city last week. He was a man of lovable qualities and his death, although occurring at a good old age, is much lamented by all who knew him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, City.—Ireland has had two cardinals, their Eminences Cullen and McCabe, both archbishops of Dublin, and both potent allies of the English crown and government in Ireland. Cardinal Cullen died in 1878, and Cardinal McCabe several years later. Ireland, at present, has no cardinal. Irish national bishops are opposed by the English influence at the court of the Vatican.

FUNERAL OF FATHER HURLEY.

High Mass Celebrated by Bishop Ryan at Peoria—Hosts of Priests Present.

PEORIA, Ill., Dec. 13.—The funeral of Rev. Father Hurley, vicar general of the Peoria diocese, was held Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church; thence to St. Mary's cemetery, where the remains were deposited. The attendance was larger than expected, notwithstanding the unpleasant weather. High mass was celebrated by Bishop Ryan, of Alton, assisted by the Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and Fathers Touhy, Powers, Ahlion, Costa, Byrne, Lyon, Lockney, O'Connell, O'Day, Heaney, Scanlan and Murtagh. Among the priests present were Revs. M. J. Henry, Chicago; P. H. O'Connell, Seofield; J. F. Lockery, Chebanse; M. J. Kinery, Gilman; J. H. Quinlan, Fairbury; M. J. O'Callaghan, Chenoa; M. J. Kelly, El Paso; J. J. Smith, Wenona; J. F. Donovan, Bloomington; A. J. Wagner, Champaign; S. D. O'Reilly, Danville; M. C. O'Brier, Lacon; P. Sheedy, Mendota; T. L. Keating, Ottawa; H. A. O'Kelly, Streator; J. P. O'Gorman, Ivesdale; Thos. Dunne, Elkhart; M. J. Byrne, Ivesdale; J. Flannagan, Monmouth; Edward Cassiday, Chicago; H. O. McShane, Chicago; M. F. Fallihee, Brimfield; P. J. Odea, Delavan, J. J. Burke, Bloomington; C. A. Hausser; Rock Island; M. A. Dowling, Wapello; P. Dillon, Henna; Jas. Touhey, J. Halpin and J. J. Quinn, Selina; J. J. Grogin, D. O'Dwyer, M. A. Quirk, J. J. Scheuren, J. P. Heaney, K. G. Labrit, O'Donnell, K. O. Oakley, James Costa, James McGovern, James Shannon, F. C. O'Callahan, E. C. Hearn, P. J. O'Dea, P. M. Ahlion, Murtagh, J. P. Barry and Power, from the city. The Franciscans and Capuchins were represented by Fathers O'Brien and Manning, of St. Patrick's parish, and Fathers O'Connor, McCairn, Ritter and Quinn.

In life Father Hurley was blessed with the love and respect of every one with whom he became acquainted, and in death this friendship and confidence were displayed by numerous floral contributions. St. Patrick's church, where the body rested, was thronged with people all Monday and nearly all of Monday night.

PERSONAL.

MR. HENRY N. STOLTENBERG.

Mr. Henry N. Stoltenberg, for years connected with the law firm of Windes & Sullivan has started into business for himself at No. 809 Opera House building, No. 112 Clark street. The Hon. Thomas G. Windes, judge of the circuit court, has written the following highly complimentary letter in regard to Mr. Stoltenberg:

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—*To whom it may concern:* In severing my business relations, which have been continuous for ten years past, with Mr. Henry N. Stoltenberg, of this city, I take great pleasure in stating that I regard him as a young man deserving the confidence and esteem of every one. Mr. Stoltenberg has, during all said time, been in the employ of the firm of Windes & Sullivan, lawyers, of which I was a member, under the most confidential relations. I know him to be an earnest, honest and ambitious young man and a highly capable lawyer. I am confident that with a wider experience in the actual trial of cases he will prove a very successful practioner. He is clear and accurate, persistent and analytical, and, as an office lawyer, his experience being largely in that line, he is the peer of any one of his age. He is especially proficient in matters of probate practice and in partition and foreclosure cases. I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe Mr. Stoltenberg will faithfully and honestly discharge any trust confided to him.

THOS. J. WINDES.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

STATE & WASHINGTON STREETS.

WE QUOTE THE FOLLOWING EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES for the remainder of this week on our very large and complete stock of

FINE FURS.

Capes

ASTRACHAN AND CANADA SEAL, Worth $20 for..... $15 00
KRIMMER, worth $30..... $25.00
Mink, Seal and Persian Lamb At the Lowest Prices in the City.

Sets

Misses' Gray Coney Sets, with large stole..... $2.50
Misses' White Lamb Sets, with neck head boa.....
Misses' Brook Mink Sets, with neck head boa..... $4.50
Misses' Natural Opossum Sets, with neck head boa.....
Misses' Nutria Sets, with neck head boa..... $5.00
Misses' French Seal Sets, with neck head boa.....

Muffs

French Seal Muffs, worth.....$4 50 for $2 50
Astrachan Muffs, worth..... 5 00 for 3 50
Monkey Muffs, worth..... 7 00 for 5 00
French Dyed Otter, worth..... 12 00 for 8 00
Best Black Marten, worth..... 15 00 for 12 00
XXXX Seal, worth..... 25 00 for 15,00
HEADNECK SCARFS—Mink, at $5 and up. Seal, $8 50 and up.

Fine Alaska Seal Garments

Only a few left of the broken lot—in sizes 34 to 46—which we are closing out

AT A REDUCTION OF . . . .

FROM $50 TO $150 EACH

About a dozen ladies can secure superb Sealskin Cloaks at remarkably low prices by taking advantage of this opportunity. IT MAY ONLY LAST A DAY OR TWO, THEREFORE BE PROMPT.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

HIBERNIAN BANKING ASSOCIATION,

CORNER CLARK AND RANDOLPH-STS.

Transacts a General Banking Business. Solicits the Accounts of Banks, Merchants, Manufacturers, Traders and others.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

DRAFTS on the Bank of Ireland and its Branches of £1 Sterling and Upwards.

IS EMPOWERED by its charter to receive money in trust from Courts, Executors, Administrators, and others. Also to accept and execute trusts of all kinds and to act as receiver for Estates, Corporations, Firms, and individuals.

BUY AND SELL on commission investment and other first-class securities, and carry the same on satisfactory margins.

NEGOTIATE LOANS, make investments, and loan money at the lowest current rate on approved collaterals.

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From a large number of letters in our possession indorsing the superiority of the Kimball Piano we mention the following well-known musicians who have used and recommended them:

ADELINA PATTI, LILLI LEHMAN, MINNIE HAUK, MME. ALBANI, MME. NORDICA, FURSCH-MADI, MME. FABRI, SIG. TOMAGNO, MAX ALVARY, SIG. DEL PUENTE, SIG. ARDITI, EMIL FISCHER, SIG. PEROTTI, SIG. REVELLI, SIG. SARASATE, OVIDE MUSIN, C. BEHRENS, P. S. GILMORE, A. DE NOVELLIS, EMIL LIEBLING, CHAS KUNKEL, CLEMENTINE DE VERE, W. C. E. SEEBECK,

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The Pianos thus indorsed by the collective genius and authorities of the world may be found in large variety, together with the KIMBALL REED and PORTABLE PIPE ORGANS, as well as the celebrated HALLET & DAVIS, and PIANOS of cheaper make, at the warerooms of

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
At the Close of Business December 9, 1892

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$1,876 248.96
Overdrafts		2,895.19
U. S Bonds		50,000.00
Other Bonds		102,136.25
Real Estate		16 553.15
Due from Banks and U. S. Treas'r.		2:0,993.80
Exchanges for Clearing House	$ 86,182 11	
Cash	454,145 22	
		540 327.33
		$2 869,154.74

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 500 000.00
Surplus and Profits	83 754.21
Circulation	43,500 00
Deposits	2,241,900.53
	$2 869,154 74

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED

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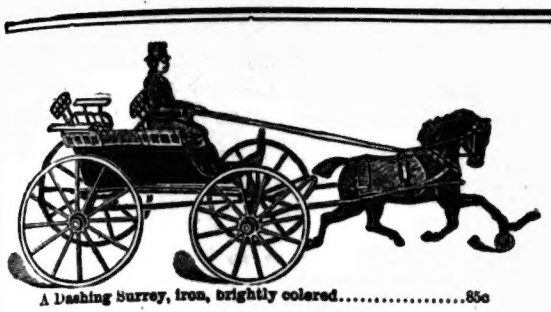
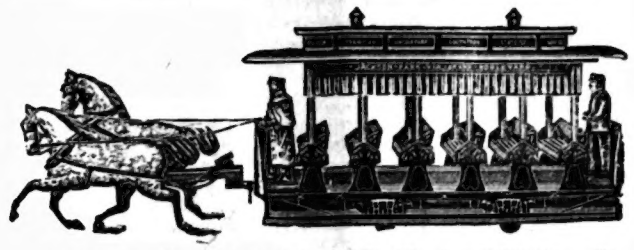


A Dashing Surrey, iron, brightly colored.....85c



Columbian Open Horse Car, complete in all its parts. Length 28 inches....75c

Large Quarto Plush Album. Polished wood front, oxidized bronze ornaments, embossed interior $3.75

Fancy Shape Collar and Cuff Box in silk plush, satin lined..$1.45

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Fancy shape Shaving Case, in silk plush, satin lined, with bevel mirror, fitted with five p'eces.....$2.00

Whisk Holder in plush, with large silver ornament, oxidized handle broom, size 6x7 inches.....60c

These Pretty Plush Cases, of which we have an Immense and Well Assorted Stock, make very Elegant and Acceptable Christmas Presents.

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150 TO 166 WEST MADISON STREET.

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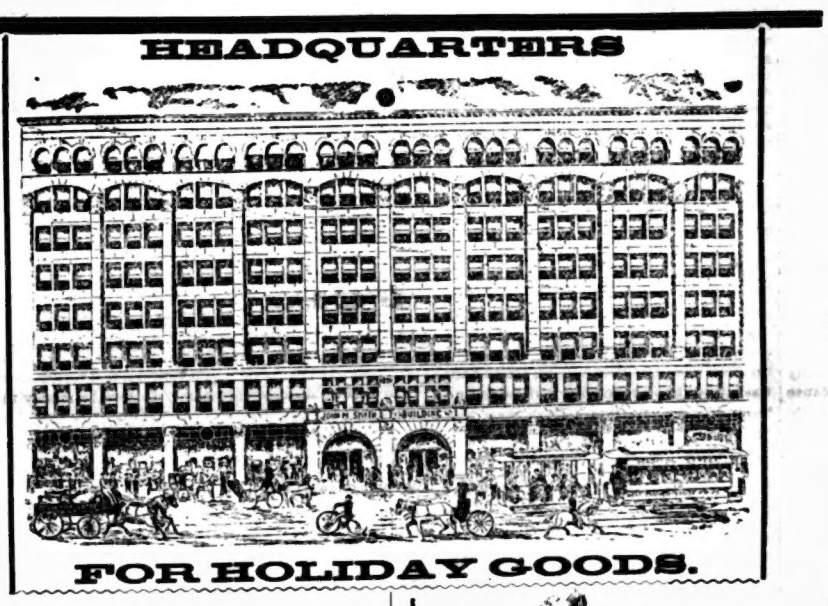

Nested Building Blocks.
6 Blocks.....18
7 " 25
10 " 55
12 " 90

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7 " " 33c
8 " " 35c
9 " " 42c
10 " " 55c
11 " " 65c
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12 " 90

Drums.
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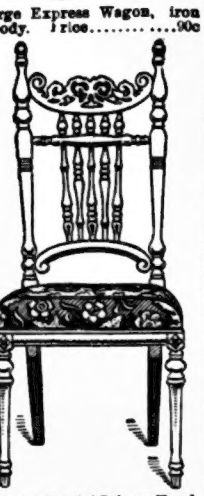

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Ladies' Secretary, French design, hand carved and polished, 60 inches high, 33 inches wide, solid mahogany.....$29.75

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4 ft high. 35c.

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GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

OPEN EVENINGS TILL XMAS.

Gigantic Bargains IN Useful & Ornamental Presents.

An importer's stock of rich Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs and Drapes at 19c 25c 39c and 49c.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF HANDKERCHIEFS,

In embroidered chiffon, embroidered Swiss, initials, plain hemstitched, colored border hemstitched, Children's Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Handkerchiefs, Gents' Handkerchiefs and Mufflers, at 3c, 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, 39c, 49c, 69c, 79c and 98c. EVERY ONE A DECIDED BARGAIN.

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Clothes Hampers of artistic workmanship at $1.50, $2.25 and $3.95.
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This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

THE HOMELESS THOUGHTS.

Under the wild November sky
Blackbirds in eddying circles fly;
The woods their glittering robes throw by
And plain to heaven unceasingly.

Dark to the hilltop stoops the cloud,
Bold is the blast that shakes the proud;
Now loud, now low, now low, now loud,
The wanderers' call comes down to me.

Like these wild squadrons tossed on high,
Scattered, confused, they know not why,
My thoughts—a homeless myriad—fly
And beat the winds continually.

All that of nature's stamp she wore
Whose bosom housed their wings of yore,
Rotting in earth, is mine no more;
May heaven restore her soul to me!
—Dora Read Goodale in Lippincott's.

A LUNATIC.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day; glorious weather. I was in the boat getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, he was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open air breakfast. The chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy's meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates escaped a day or two before and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular, as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying goodby preparatory to getting into the boat the doctor laughingly said:

"Should you happen to come across him I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron gray hair and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic, for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do don't let him lose his temper, for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes for murder—he's all but done two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen, for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him and got into the boat We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore. We sang out a last goodby and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal. We could see the bottom and every stone and pebble on it. Just a gentle breeze fanned the surface of the waters into a ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveler, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands. I have lived abroad as much as at home, but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe; and on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is all in its prime—the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping out. Presumably, but as a matter of fact, a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers—not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with mister—there was no mistress.

We had met the young lady at several dances and such like, but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get the chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eyes.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out, smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our mind. We talked little, and that little was of Lillian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some 200 or 300 yards; we were close to the shore; Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture. He had a stick in his hand, wore a billycock hat and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers; a heavy, drooping mustache; hair usually long and iron gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession or an artist out painting. He certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on when he raised his stick and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long road to go and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free and easy style of asking a favor, but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point blank refusal, not appreciating his offhand manner, but Alf thought differently.

"All right," he said; "we don't mind if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said. "Take care or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll be a swim. And who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him. The coolness—not to say impertinence—of the remark was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us in the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner, and without asking with your leave or by your leave took the steering lines from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them, "but if you will allow me."

"Not at all," he said. "I always like something to do, and I suspect you have had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was imperturbable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a minute or two.

"Come," he said. "When are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self invited guest you'll let us choose our time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the water.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I am going into the shade. The sun's too strong."

He had the lines—we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him crowding me on my seat and ramming his elbow into my side my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down, like a blinking owl; his mouth wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind—strong, about forty-five, iron gray hair, a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! Was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility—nay, the probability—of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread, but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who——

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like a Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes. My muscles were strung, my fists clinched. Every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What in the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, excitable temperament, hot blooded youth!" said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion. I did not like his eyes.

"N-o-thing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round I scrambled past Alf and tripped full length onto Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing. It was a miracle we weren't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir"— He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear, "The lunatic!"

"What!" said Tom, right out aloud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's!"

"The"——

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was—but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I turned; there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted. It could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled. I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal. It seemed to me not only imprudent, but risky. I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster. I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said. "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar. He saw he was being watched. He couldn't sit still. He looked first at one bank, then at the other.

His eyes traveled everywhere, resting nowhere. His hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore. When I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf, "in a few minutes."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get—into the river?"

I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well known inn and a capital landing stage. When we came alongside the stranger said:

"This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat ashore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang onto the shore. There were several people about—watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant. He rose almost simultaneously and leaped on the shore. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Now, come," he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean!"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let us have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook Tom off with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father, but I found that I had met my match and more. I was like a baby in his arms. He lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and, scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful—his strength magnificent. Though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the bystanders, seeing a row, came up. They interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf. "He's a lunatic!"

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum!"

Instead of lending a hand the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd.

"There's some mistake," he said; "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tolhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? And that was Lillian Travers' father? I could have shrunk into my boots. I could have run away and hid myself in bed.

To think that we should have dogged and watched and insulted and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lillian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it; that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first rate joke, but he must have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly—if he had made one sensible remark he would have blown our delusion to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man whom we had insulted, but he treated us and them with the loftiest scorn, and we got one after another into the boat amid the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd, and as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us we each in our secret heart declared that we would never forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I ever wish to.—Fillion.

The Proper Treatment.

"Did you say your name was Balloon?" asked his honor as a frightful specimen of chronic tramp was placed before him.

"I did, yer honor," whined the tramp.

"All right, Mr. B., I'll send you up indefinitely," and his honor asked the policeman to take the condemned down stairs.—Detroit Free Press.

China is the only country that has a coin so small as our mill. The Chinese "cash" is worth about one-tenth of a cent.

THE DECLINE OF SWAGGER.

What Frankness Has Done to Make People Understand Each Other.

We may take it as established that for the moment, at any rate, swagger is not the fashion. No doubt the consciousness of personal merit and possible superiority is as strong in human nature as ever. But most people are contented to acquiesce in the knowledge of the fact, and are willing not only to forego the particular form of its expression which is known as swagger, but even to live without expressing it visibly at all. The most obvious and disagreeable form of self assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has of course been dead and done with as a social claim for half a generation.

The high born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists who were too great to speak at the breafast table, and "turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high bred nonchalance," exist no longer in fiction and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was perhaps the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying, and though it is premature to write its epitaph we may call attention to some of the symptoms of its decay. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bachelor leisured class, and especially by the much abused "lotus eaters" of clubland, was the nil admirari attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and in addition to conveying an impression of superiority it saved a good deal of trouble. Older men who had seen life were spared the effort of hearing about it again, and young men who had not were enabled to convey the impression that they had.

This form of swagger had positive merits in a negative form. It is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. It is dead as wigs and powder. The leisured class, as such, does not assert itself by any explicit form of swagger, and would seem for the moment to set before it the ideal of the "plain man" in its dealings with the world.

Swagger nowadays is mainly limited to people living in little worlds of their own. Contact with the big world and realities rubs it away. Petty country squires buried in remote neighborhoods often give themselves airs most comical to behold by those capable of comparing what they are with what they claim to be. The bumptious scientific gentlemen who have made their class a byword, the bloated financier and the overgrown shopkeeper, even when success is attained, are only on the verge of the world where their training should begin. Their time has been otherwise, and, let us hope, more profitably occupied, and if they do not reform their children probably will and will do their best to reclaim their erring parents.

For there is no lesson which that increasingly wise young person, the young man on his promotion, has laid more to heart than that swagger, or, as he prefers to call it, "side," does not pay, and whatever his private opinion as to his own merits, he distinguishes very clearly between the swagger which does not pay, and judicious self advertisement which does. Moreover, being an educated young person with some claims to good taste he is discriminating even in the means he takes to advertise himself, having recourse only as a last and doubtful resource to self assertion or eccentricities of dress and manner.

Probably the strongest guarantee for the continued decline of swagger is the growth of frankness. Formerly to refer to money as a consideration in action was considered ill bred. That form of swagger is certainly a thing of the past. Nothing is more common than to hear the remark, "I wish I could afford it," "I can't afford it," or more surely, but not less pleasantly, "I have been lucky lately, and I can afford it." No doubt the last is capable of abuse. But the admission into conversation of these commonplace realities must still further hasten the rapid decay of swagger. —London Spectator.

A Monster Specimen.

The largest specimen of extinct animal ever found in the world was the skeleton of a Dinosaurian reptile discovered in the Bad Lands in 1882. The weight of the skull alone was 694 pounds, and of the whole skeleton 1,900 pounds. It is now in the rooms of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia.—St. Louis Republic.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HOME.

THE man who said "There's nothing sure in this world but death and taxes" might have given a pleasant aspect to his philosophy by noting that Christmas was coming, too, and pretty regular at that.

The rise and progress of Christmas in this country is a very interesting subject of investigation, as showing the diverse character of America's early settlers and the peculiar elements concerned in the development of the features of our holiday season. The Virginia settlement was cradled in poverty and was too deeply concerned with the problem of existence to celebrate anything. In New England the life of the Pilgrim Fathers was so hard that statutes were easily enacted forbidding the celebration of Christmas, largely on the ground that the day could not be spared as a time of abstinence from work. A compromise was finally made, however, that only those who worked on that day should have anything to eat during the twenty-four hours.

It was by the Dutch and Germans who settled in New York later that Christmas was first recognized to any notable extent in early times The Dutch and English brought the Yule log to the Christmas fireside, but it was the Germans, with their old Druidical traditions, who introduced evergreens and planted the first Christmas trees on this continent. Then St. Nicholas the early Christian patron saint of the young, the Santa Claus, the kindred patron saint among the Dutch, began to be invoked for blessings. Other elements in the population gradually became interested in the Yuletide and the Christmas tree, and so the day has grown to its present importance.

The modern Christmas tries a man's reasoning powers to the fullest extent With him it is a problem just what to give each, and if he makes no mistakes he is a wise man indeed. The wisest are those who appreciate the value of good books, and what book is there that is more useful than a work of Reference? In the REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA the knowledge of the world has been gathered up and its marvel of cheapness makes it possible for everyone to purchase. Try giving a set to your friend and see how he will appreciate it.

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PILSENER BEER.

THE LITTLE LIFE.

O lost delight! How chill and gray
The breath and bloom of summer day.
In robin's song there lurks a moan,
The breeze takes on a sobbing tone
Since baby died.

O vanished joy! The hours thrice blessed
When closely to my bosom pressed
The flaxen head. And now the smart
Of lightened arms and weighted heart
Since baby died.

O mother love! To dream, to wait,
To hope, to bear, to bless my fate—
Then death. Of what avail to rave?
There still remains the little grave
Since baby died.

O pure, sweet life! Thy fragrance rare
Still lingers in the silent air.
Like voiceless prayer it lulls my pain,
And frozen grief drops down in rain
Since baby died.

—Ida W. Wheeler in Ladies' Home Journal.

A DELUGE OF HANDKERCHIEFS.

She Was Going Away, and All of Her Friends Remembered Her.

She was going to leave home on an extended visit, and her friends began to hint of various little gifts of remembrance which they would magnanimously bestow upon her departure. She beamed gladly and looked at her old gloves significantly when her brother said something about a goodby present. Her old purse, too—oh, she wouldn't be humiliated by its loosened clasp bursting open at just the wrong time and revealing its vast emptiness! Moreover, she wouldn't experience any more congestive chills when her last dime slipped behind the tattered lining, and the conductor fidgeted while he moved his lips just as if he were rehearsing that portion of the street railway bylaws in which no one is entitled to a ride except upon the payment of the nickel fare. Her calling cards also—surely some one would remember that she was now Miss Smith, since Sister Sue was married. And a Mrs. Browning! Didn't she sigh out to every one she met that her whole soul was in a turmoil over an unquenchable desire for a volume of these poems?

Well, about a week before she left the first package arrived.

"It's just the size—it must be the pocketbook," she cried joyfully. "So soft, too—what beautiful leather it must be! A place for small change and one for bills—I'll stuff that full of cotton to make it look full—and a pocket for cards, I'm sure."

But, lo! Upon disclosing the contents there lay two handkerchiefs.

"Oh, well," she sighed, trying to be optimistic; "it isn't so bad after all, for the initials are pretty."

Following that every mail and every caller left little bundles of various dimensions and degrees of softness and weight, and each time she opened them with eager fingers, while visions of engraved pasteboards, fresh purses and dainty poems rose in transcendent glory before her expectant eye. But, alas! nothing but little linen squares till her handkerchief box ran over and flooded her whole dresser with waves of snowy linen.

"Do they expect me to have a continual attack of influenza?" she cried in sheer desperation as a particularly promising parcel evolved into a series of pink, blue and cream squares.

She seriously contemplated following the example of the young men of Harvard, who drape their windows with curtains made of handkerchiefs purloined from their various gin friends; she even dreamed of being smothered under the loads of odious things, and glared so savagely at the old washerwoman, who came home with profuse apologies because "one o' them handkerchiefs got lost somehow," that the poor creature fled in fear.

At last she was at the station, and she gave a sigh of relief that she could not possibly be attacked by any more handkerchief fiends. She was just settled in the car, with a magazine on the seat beside her, instead of the coveted Browning, and she had contrived to tuck her tattered purse down in her jacket pocket with her tipless gloves, when papa handed over a little package with:

"Here, my dear, it's little, but I wanted to give you something."

She waited until they got out into the country, where the fresh air and the fleeting green and gold of the landscape would revive her, when with tremblinr, half hearted haste she gingerly untie' the string. And there lay two handkerchiefs!—Chicago News.

An Old Country Road.

What can be more pleasing than the unmolested edge of an old road, where hazel and elder hang out their fruit for the birds, where the fragrant clethra blossoms, where the wild grapevine and the glossy bramble climb from tree to tree, and wild roses and morning glories brighten the shadows with their smiles? Here in the spring the trientalis and anemone make the ground beautiful with their white blossoms, while the shad bush waves a welcome to the passer-by. As summer comes the sky blue chicory clusters there, the milkweed and the epilobium show pink and purple amid the foliage, the mullein lifts its stately yellow blossoms from its furry leaves, while barberry shows first its arcs of yellow bloom and later its coral clusters of fruit that contrast well with the great goldenrod and the splendid purple of the wild aster in the fall.—Garden and Forest.

An Ingenious Defense.

A Pomeranian linesman was tried by court martial on the charge of stealing a comrade's ration of brandy. He set up the following plea: "Gentlemen, I should really be sorry to pass for a thief. I had observed that my comrade's flask was getting old and would shortly commence to leak. I therefore took his brandy in order to keep it for him. I put his brandy on the top of mine, but every time I wanted a drink of my own I was forced to swallow some of his. So you see, gentlemen, my intentions were perfectly pure."

Notwithstanding his clever defense, the man was sentenced so eight days' solitary confinement.—Rappel.

HELPING ON THE GAMINS.

A King's Daughter's Rather Unsatisfactory Experience in Rewarding.

A King's Daughter was relating one of her experiences. "With my aunt," she said, "I was passing through a street in a tenement district in this city when a crowd of children, struggling for the possession of a poor, half starved looking kitten, attracted our notice. There were six boys and three girls, and the former were raining blows upon the latter, who in turn pulled hair, kicked and scratched the faces of their adversaries.

"To my astonishment and relief my sex was shortly victorious, and I could not refrain from showing that I was in sympathy with the object of the fray, although I could not conscientiously approve of the mode of warfare. 'And,' I said to my aunt, 'surely this shows that woman's tenderness for weaker creatures and her protecting care for the forlorn and suffering are inherent and instinctive, to see it thus manifested in these poor degraded children.'

"My aunt was not so enthusiastic, but I did not notice it much at the time, for I had called one of the girls to me and, giving her some change, said to her: 'I saw how courageously you rescued that poor cat; you are good girls not to let the boys abuse it.' She took the money and rushed back to her companions, showing it to them with the comment, 'My, isn't she green!' The trio then started up the alley, one of them urging haste. 'Hurry up, Mag,' she said; 'you get the kerosene; it's got lots of fur, and it'll blaze awful nice.'

"With an exclamation of horror my aunt and I ran after them, but our passage was blocked by a rough looking fellow, who asked our business in an insolent tone. We protested indignantly in behalf of the cat, but he only laughed jeeringly. 'They have to have their fun,' he said, 'like the rest of us,' and his manner was so impudently aggressive that we dared not attempt to get by him. We turned instead and found a policeman, who good naturedly came back with us, but man, girls and kitten were out of sight and sound. 'They're away off by this time,' remarked the bluecoat; 'they know how to slip around.'

"I did not wait to know the result of the search, as I feared the worst. My dreams for some time were disturbed by visions of a martyred kitten. All that my aunt said was, 'Those girls' faces were the hardest I ever saw.'"—New York Times.

Considerate Burglars.

"Talk about nerve!" exclaimed G. C. Smith, a member of a party at the Southern who were discussing burglaries. "I had a visit from a gang of housebreakers last week who have the record for farreaching and iridescent audacity. They entered my house while I was at home, ransacked every room in it, took my watch and pocketbook from under my pillow and my revolver from the washstand drawer. Then they went into the kitchen, lit a fire and cooked their breakfast. Not content with that, they entered the cellar and tapped my wine. They rigged themselves out in my clothes and put their own old duds in the clothespress. They tested the silverware, found it plated and left it.

"But that was not the worst. I had paid twenty dollars only a week before for a bulldog, whose sole duty was to watch the premises. The next morning I found him shut up in the coalhouse, with a rubber band around his jaws and a tag tied to his tail, which read, 'We didn't take yer perp, cos we thot as how mebbe he war raised a pet, an you might be fond of him.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Big Wells for Drinking Water.

The Indianapolis Water company is greatly pleased with the three deep wells it has sunk near the water gallery. "These wells," said Mr. Heckman, "go down to a depth of 825 feet, and the water comes out of the rock. The three are flowing into the gallery at the rate of 2,000,000 gallons a day. One of them is a 10-inch well and the other two are eight inches each in diameter. The water rises in them to within six or eight feet of the surface, and they flow into the gallery at fifteen or twenty feet below the surface with about a 7-foot head. These wells at this great depth are wholly cut off from any chance of surface pollution, being separated therefrom by any number of layers of hardpan. They were put down by an experienced gas well driller, and we shall put down four more. There can be no doubt whatever of the purity of this water supply."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mad Trio.

In Schimmelberg, a lunatic—one of the quieter sort—had to be taken to the asylum at Holzersried. To avoid a scene two of his friends undertook the task and engaged a cab for a drive into the country. It was very hot, and our travelers called at the Golden Monkey for a drink. They drove on till they came to another wayside inn, and must needs make another halt to test the quality of the liquor sold there. Presently the asylum hove in sight, when, as they drove into Holzersreid, they alighted at the first public house, just to wet "the other eye." At last they reached the asylum where the poor patient was to be left, but all three were in such a condition that there was no telling which was the real lunatic. As it was late in the evening, they were locked up in separate cells, and next morning the right man was picked out.—Humoristiche Blatter.

Tennyson Disliked Being Interviewed.

Countless stories have been told of the audacity of strangers in Freshwater, and the Americans of course have come in for their share of the anecdotes. On one occasion a southern general came to visit him. Tennyson abhorred interviewing and interviewers, and stipulated, therefore, with his visitor that there should be nothing of the kind. "Interviewing!" rejoined the southerner, with an expression of great disgust; "in this house we are gentlemen. We leave interviewing to those darned Yankees."—Cor. Boston Herald.

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Easy to Take

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to cure
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Every Dose Effective

Japanese in America.

There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education. The welcome given to earlier students has led many who have entirely insufficient means to undertake the journey—to come, indeed, with scarcely more than enough to pay their passage to this country. Others, better provided for, have no idea of the increased cost of living here, while many hope to receive aid from persons who may become interested in them here or to find some employment while they are carrying on their studies.

The practical results are not always fortunate, and many of the students referred to would be better off at home. The reputation of having been educated in Europe or America has a certain value at present in Japan, however, and the Japanese students are, almost without a single exception, a credit to their native country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worms That Raise Tons of Sand.

Mr. C. Davison has examined the sands between Holyland and the coast of Northumberland, a large flat stretch of beach familiar to most persons who travel by the east coast route to Scotland. The observer found that the number of castings of sand thrown up by the lobworms gave an average of 50,000,000 to the square mile. A portion of the castings was weighed, and the total weight thrown up annually was thus shown to be, in some places, about 901 tons per acre; at other points it was a good deal less than this; but in still other parts it amounted to no less than 3,146 tons per acre.

If all the sand thus passed through the bodies of those animals in the course of twelve months were spread out it would give an average thickness of not less than thirteen inches. How many and various are the changes produced in the sand by the wonderful activity of these industrious worms it is impossible to say. But it is easy to see how the presence of such creatures in large numbers operates with other forces to produce a kind of order on the surface of the earth, and to replace crudeness by beauty.

The thing that strikes one most, however, is the magnitude of the results which can be produced in a short time when a large number of separate individuals work in co-operation by the same methods toward the same end.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ed Jones, a negro, was sentenced to five years in the Indiana penitentiary for assaulting John Hedgecock at Jeffersonville because he was a Democrat.

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry B Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 185 Hospkins place; B B Brady, R S, 508 35th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 138 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Doran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor ner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Buehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devitt, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet 1st Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2241 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremor, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thornsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Frank C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lattemik, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible], treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Bitzdanser, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 300 mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franssen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fuesy, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5894 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brienkl, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fingel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 598 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R, John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr H H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; B J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaequet, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Ravanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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State Delegate, L. Hensly, 27th st. and Lake Shore, Chicago.

State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.

State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 532 W Fourteenth st; Michael Fogarty, V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 873 Ashland av; Christopher McLaughlin, F S; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. No. 2—D F Murphy, Pres., Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V. P.; E F. Brennen, Rec. sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. Luby, Rec Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western avs.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 931 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Daniel Corcoran, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Radigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; E. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres., 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Marshfield-av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney, Rec Sec; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec., James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p m. cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Finerty, V P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P., Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec., Wm Webb, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, 8 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P. Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast, Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Hensly; Rec. Sec., F. J. Conroy, 493 35th st; Fin. Sec. William Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 820 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremis O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3789 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 20—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; John F. Geoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4004 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., P. Bailey, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh Reilly, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A. Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 23—Pres., James Dolan, Pullman; V P. Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 25—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V P, T. P. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35th st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John H. Keating, 5627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cunnea; Rec. sec., W. m. McMahon, 6338 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas., J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fr days at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div. 27—Pres, John P Dooley, 6359 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 3d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 563 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av. Jersey City, N. J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 735 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty third st, New York city

Thomas Norton, 423 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

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T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.

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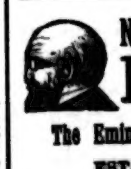

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS
At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Dec. 9, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 5 716,581.53
Overdrafts		5,092.60
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation (4s at par)		50 000.00
Other bonds and stocks (at par)		223 650 00
5 per cent redemption fund		2,250.00
Due from Nat. Banks	$1 450,366 31	
Due from banks and bankers	439,215.88	
Exchanges for clearing house	632,040.45	
Cash on hand	3,300,661.00	
		$ 5,771 873.67
		$14,798,957.30

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1 000 000 00
Surplus		1 000,000.00
Undivided profits		136 473 01
National bank notes outstanding		45 000 00
Dividends unpaid		30 000.00
Deposits—Individual	$8,861,711 38	
Deposits—Banks	3,725,772 81	
		$12 587,484 19
		$14 798 957.30

State of Illinois, County of Cook—ss. I, Wm. A. Hammond, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of knowledge and belief.
WM. A. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Dec. 1892.
ARNOLD HEAP, Notary Public.
Attest: GEO. SCHNEIDER, WM. D. KERFOOT, WALTER L. PECK, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF CHICAGO,
At the close of business December 9th, 1892.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$18,212,147.65
Bank Building and other real estate		650,000 00
U. S. Bonds (par value)		420 950 00
Other bonds		2,056 490 31
Bond Premiums		53,965.21
CASH RESOURCES.		
Due from banks (eastern exchange)	$3 877,256.84	
Checks for clearing house	1,402,684 99	
Cash on hand	6,824,215.70	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	46 350 00	
		$11,650,417.03
		$33,037,570 20

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 3 000,000.00
Surplus fund		2,000 000 00
Other undivided profits		1,436,905.09
Dividends unpaid		231.00
Deposits		26 601.033.81
		$33 037,870.20

LEDDY'S SOCIETY HALLS.
Cor. Wentworth Av. & 31st St.
Two Splendid Halls, 60x38 and 45x38, newly built, with all modern improvements.
READY JANUARY 1, 1893,
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Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos Boys' Suits.
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All kinds of Uniforms, Athletic Goods, Racing and Sporting Shoes, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics, and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges and Medals, Banners, Flags, and Firemen's Supplies.
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Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

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Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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Headquarters for Imported Dilish,
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The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Earborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 982.

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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
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808 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

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JAS. LEONARD, Prop.,
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Repair Work of All Kinds a Specialty! Orders will receive Prompt Attention and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Building Loans a Specialty.
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Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for Churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

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4937 S. Halsted St.,
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Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty

JAMES McENERNY, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS COUNTY OF COOK, —ss. Superior Court of Cook County, December term, A. D. 1892 Patrick Kennedy vs. Bridget Kiniry, executrix of the last will and testament of John Kiniry, deceased, Mary Sheridan Egan, Maggie Sheridan and unknown heirs of John Kiniry. In Chancery. No. 144,294.
Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John Kiniry that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.